McKean County Miner.

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MESSRS. PATTON BELL AND REDFIELD

Are the Republican Winners for Legislative Honors.

HEINLE, HILTON AND BENSON

Are Democratic Nominees—And Patton, McAlpin and Benson Are Named by the Prohibitionists—Emery Habgood, Reznor and Huff were Among Those Defeated—Republican Legislative Race a Close One.

The primary election held last Saturday was interesting and closely contested so far at least as the Legislative candidates on the Republican ticket were concerned and finally resulted in a victory for the two Smethport candidates, Samuel E. Bell and Horace H. Redfield, Mr. Bell being 87 votes ahead of Hon. R. P. Habgood and Mr. Redfield leading him by 56 votes.

The Congressional race furnished quite a surprise to many in this county. Hon. Lewis Emery, Jr., was considered almost a sure winner, but when the votes were counted it was found that he was several hundred votes behind in the district although he carried McKean county by a little over 1500 majority. Therefore Charles E. Patton of Clearfield county is the Republican nominee.

The Republicans chosen for State Delegates were Hon. R. J. Hoffman of Bradford, R. J. Shark of Kane and J. L. Llewellyn of Eldred.

The Democratic nominations did not create any excitement, there being no contest for places on their ticket. Hon. William C. Heinle of Centre county was nominated for Congress. Hon. Robert W. Hilton of Smethport and E. R. Benson of Mt. Jewett are the Legislative nominees, and C. R. Gillis of Kane was chosn for delegate.

The Prohibitionists nominated Charles E. Patton, the Republican candidate for Congress; W. F. Burr of Eldred and A. McAlpin are their Legislative candidates.

The Socialists named Earl Waters of Tuna and A. A. Ogden of Lewis Run for Assembly and J. W. Babcock of Bradford for State delegate.

Following is the vote cast for the Republican candidates:

	Lewis Emery, Jr.	Charles E. Patton	Samuel E. Bell	R. P. Habgood	Stephen B. Huff	H. H. Redfield	L. J. Reznor
Annin Twp.	10	41	19	8	2	32	40
Bradford 1 W, 1 D	74	15	36	73	1	16	21
Bradford 1W, 2D	52	5	31	46	1	19	8
Bradford 2W 1D	170	30	74	150	0	79	43
Bradford 2W 2D	103	11	46	69	3	54	31
Bradford 3W 1D	104	15	75	93	4	32	46
Bradford 3W 2D	69	14	40	64	2	37	0
Bradford 4thW	166	8	67	128	5	91	61
Bradford 5thW	66	20	38	50	10	41	8
Bradford 6thW	115	3	71	91	13	72	17
Bradford T., 1D	75	11	29	28	6	67	27
Bradford T, 2D	76	2	49	54	3	17	20
Ceres Twp.	41	8	33	17	3	46	15
Corydon T, 1D	19	6	17	15	1	6	5
Corydon T, 2D	3	9	11	8	1	4	
Eldred Boro	61	47	65	37	2	58	46
Eldred Twp.	32	27	35	22	4	44	13
Foster T, 1D	24	17	38	31	2	14	11
Foster T, 2D	24	7	14	20	2	17	10
Hamilton T, 1D	57	47	39	76	45	30	70
Hamilton T, 2D	9	6	3		4	13	8
Hamlin T, 1D	40	17	53	27	6	18	6
Hamlin T, 2D	12	17	16	12	1	17	12
Hamlin T, 3D	14	15	19	18	5	9	4
Kane Boro, 1W	80	42	46	35	72	56	29
Kane Boro, 2W	123	40	49	44	132	57	21
Kane Boro, 3W	80	11	57	37	86	77	37
Kane Boro, 4W	61	37	44	23	53	43	20
Keating T, 1D	47	11	47	12		41	8
Keating T, 2D	43	19	32	17	6	38	13
Keating T, 3D	23	28	36	32	2	25	3
Lafayette T, 1D	10	8	11	8	2	13	
Lafayette T, 2D	23	20	37	28	3	19	4
Lafayette T, 3D	23	4	19	11	2	19	2
Lafayette T, 4D	17	1	10		3	9	12
Liberty Twp.	50	25	37	13	5	19	43
Mt. Jewett	82	37	67	10	26	66	51
Norwich T, 1D	46	13	32	29	6	41	12
Norwich T, 2D	7	2	1	5		3	6
Otto T, 1D	20	16	34	19		16	4
Otto T, 2D	6	19	8			20	2
Port Allegany	130	44			8	37	200
Sergeant T, 1D	29	1	17	10	2	31	7
Sergeant T, 2D	9	2	2	2		8	3
Smethport	170	70	181	57	9	171	23
Wetmore Twp.	45	20	10	26	22	50	30
	2556	1723		880		1037	
	1014		1674		1698		

There being no contest on the Democratic ticket we do not deem it necessary to publish the tabulated vote. In the whole county R. W. Hilton received 681 votes. E. R. Benson 602 and R. P. Habgood 103.

Glass Cutters Wanted.

15 experienced men, 10 smoothers, 5 roughers. Also experienced Acid Polisher.

WAYNE CUT GLASS CO.,
Towanda, Pa.

GRANGE PICNIC.

Dedication, Picnic and Lecturer's Conference at Southern View Dairy Farm, Farmers Valley.

On June 14th, the farm of A. B. Armstrong at Farmers Valley will be dedicated by the Grange. Everybody is invited to come and bring a basket of good things to eat, make a picnic of the day. Ice cream, lemonade, bananas, peanuts, watermelons—well all those things that go with a picnic—will be for sale. If the day is fair the exercises will be held out of doors, in case of rain the barn will hold us all.

THE PROGRAM.

1:30 p. m.—Dedication Ceremony.
2:15 p. m.—Literary Program.

Song ..... Grange
Music ..... Chadwick's Orchestra
Prayer ..... Rev. Summersgill
Music ..... Chadwick's Orchestra
Address .....
..... Hon. Oliver Wilson, Perora, Ill.
National lecturer.
Quartet ..... Wood Brothers
Address .....
..... S. J. Lowell, Fredonia, N. Y.
New York State Lecturer.
Music ..... Chadwick's Orchestra
Recitation ..... Alberta Cory
Quartet ..... Wood Brothers
Address .....
..... E. B. Dorsett, Mansfield, Pa.
Pennsylvania State Lecturer.
Quartet ..... Wood Brothers

Lecturer's Conference.

Held at Coryville on the evening of June 14th, 8 p. m. Gange opened in the fourth degree.

PROGRAM.

Song ..... Gange
Address ..... National Lecturer
Recitation "The Lecturer" .....
..... Lulu Robbins
Address "Grange Fairs" .....
..... New York State Lecturer
Song ..... Ellis Sisters
Paper "Town Lecturer" A. T. Larson
Violin Solo ..... Hazel Ellis
Paper ..... Tioga Pomona Lecturer
Solo ..... Guy McCoy

QUESTION BOX.

Address Pennsylvania State Lecturer
Five Minute Talk .....
..... McKean County Lecturer
Song ..... Garnge
Closing exercises.

HENRY J. RICE,
Pomona Lecturer.

WOODSMEN INJURED.

Hit by Falling Tree at Goodyear Lumber Job.

Two woodsmen, named Anderson and Johnson, employed at the new Goodyear lumber job at the headwaters of Potato creek met with an accident last Friday which resulted quite seriously for Anderson.

The men were chopping down a tree and when the fall came they were caught unawares and struck by the large piece of timber. Anderson received the brunt of the compact while Johnson got off comparatively lucky.

The former's condition was such that it was deemed advisible to bring him to town to receive medical attention, and as the automobile of H. H. Redfield of this place was in the vicinity, he was placed in the car and in company with his partner was brought to this place.

While suffering exrucerating pain the injured man stood the trip well and on arriving in this place he and his companion were taken to the office of Dr. Clark.

It was found that Anderson was suffering from a crushed ankle, an injured side and lacerations about the head, while Johnson was somewhat hurt about his hip.

The men remained in town over night and Saturday went to Ridgway where Anderson will undergo medical treatment.

LITTLE GIRL INJURED.

Little Marguerite Lee fell from Porch and Fractured Her Leg.

Marguerite, the 6-year-old daughter of J. W. Lee, cashier at the Grange National bank, met with a bad accident Monday evening. The little girl was playing with some other children on the veranda of the residence of John Apple, Esq., when she fell off and fractured the back bone of her left leg, between the knee and ankle.

She was taken to her parents' home and Dr. Ostrander was summoned. The physician reduced the fracture and made the little patient as comfortable as possible. No serious results are anticipated from the accident.

Wanted.

A girl for light duties in good household. Enquire LOCK BOX 132, Smethport, Pa.

COMMENCEMENT OF SMETHPORT HIGH SCHOOL.

It was Held on Tuesday Evening at The Lyceum.

CLASS DAY AT BAPTIST CHURCH.

Juniors Banquet Seniors Saturdaf Evening at Wright House—Baccalaurate Sermon Monday Night at M. E. Church—Class Numbers Fourteen.

One of our most characteristic and valuable institutions is the public school. It is one of the exponents of our American spirit and life. So when the June days come again it is a pardonable pride that we take in the young men and women who have earnestly pursued their studies to the end and are ready to receive from the constituted authorities the humble laurel which bespeaks successful endeavor. The public school is the gift of the community to its youth and it is always a matter for congratulation when the gift is prized and given the high use that it merits. This year there were fourteen young men and women who had pursued their studies to graduation. The class was equally divided, seven boys and seven girls. Alphabetically arranged they were: Howard Brownell, Winifred M. Clark, John Allen Eagan, E. Rita Gorton, Mildred A. Hanes, J. Donald Hogarth, M. Iva Holder, Claude A. Lyons, Eugene Allen Morrison, Carrie Natello, Emmett Oviatt, Inza E. Sherburne, Edna Specht. The first honors of the class were received by Howard Brownell and second honors by J. Donald Hogarth.

The commencement exercises began last Saturday afternoon with the class day which was observed in the Baptist church. The church was decorated with flowers, school banners, and the blue and white colors of the class of 1910. The church was filled when the class filed in and the president, J. Donald Hogarth, welcomed the guests in a gracious way.

Iva Holder was the historian of the class and under the figure of a ship about to enter upon its voyage she traced the history of the class.

The class artist was Edna Specht, who produced an original drawing of each of the various members of the class. Her work was excellently done and it proved to be very popular with the audience.

Claude Lyons had made ready the class will and in a solemn and impressive manner he bequeathed to the class of 1911 the many virtues and exemplary qualities of the outgoing seniors.

Rita Gorton then entertained the audience with a solo which was well received.

The address to the under graduates was given by John Eagan. Those who know Mr. Eagan's gifts for the unconsciously humorous were prepared for the happy hits which his address contained. He had studied profoundly the faults and the misdoings of the Juniors and in a kindly way he sought to give them such advice as might contribute to their betterment.

On behalf of the undergraduates Allen King responded. His response was in blank verse though it was apparent to the Seniors and to the audience that Mr. King was not indulging entirely in poetic license but was often keeping deliciously near to some numerous happenings.

Carrie Natello was appointed to the task of class growler. She spoke of many things that had been a source of annoyance and in many a pleasant hit she touched the occasion with fun and laughter.

Inza Sherburne played the part of class Santa Claus and thought she did not have any of the outward appearances of the personage whom we know so well, she did understand quite well what each member of the class needed for a gift. There seemed to be an appropriateness about her selections that was apparent to the class and to the audience.

At this place in the exercises Mildred Hanes agve a piano solo which was well received by those present.

This was followed by the class prophesy for the boys which was given by Winifred Clark. The class prophesy for the girls was given by Emmett Oviatt. It is well for these occasions that these prophesies ar given so that the girls speak for the boys and the boys for the girls for in this way there is added an element of interest that could not be otherwise obtained. These foreshadowings of the future proved to be one of the most entertaining features of the occasion.

The Valedictorian was Howard Brownell, who spoke on some elements of success. This was the one presentation which aimed to touch the more serious aspects of life and of its work. The paper was thoughtful and intellectual and showed on the part of the reader an appreciation of the elements and ideals of success.

After the rendering of a pleasing solo by Allen Morrison the company went to the school grounds where the ivy was planted by Frank Hackett who delivered an oration after which the exercises concluded.

On Saturday evening the juniors gave a banquet to the faculty and the senior class at the Wright House. After the banquet of several courses Robert Daly of the Junior Class called for attention and made a short speech and called upon Donald Hogarth of the Senior class to reply which he did in a few chosen words. The Rev. W. A. Harris spoke a few words as a "relative of the faculty" and then all retired to the parlors where the remainder of the evening was spent with music and games.

The annual sermon before the graduates was given in the Methodist Episcopal church on Sunday evening by the pastor of the church, Rev. W. A. Harris.

Th graduating exercises were held in the Lyceum on Tuesday evening. The exercises were opened with the "Bridal Chorus" from the Cantata "Rose Maiden," sung by the High School chorus of about sixty voices. It was evident that the singers had received most careful and competent training under the direction of the musical teacher, Miss Edna Nell. The Rev. W. E. Van Dyke offered prayer and then the Cecilian Club sang "Sweet May." It is a matter for congratulation that the School Board has taken up in the school the study of music and that they have been so fortunate in securing an instructor who is successful in securing the best possible results. The address of the evening was given by Dr. E. E. Sparks, President of State College. He gave a short talk which without any attempt at oratory presented some practical and common sense advice. He placed emphasis upon three things as essential to the training of the youth; the willingness to serve, the willingness to toil and the spirit of obedience. He illustrated his address with incidents which were both pointed and humorous.

After the address the Male Quarette sang the "Spanish Students." The Secretary of the Board, F. D. Gallup, made the speech of presentation. He spoke briefly to the audience about the work and purposes of the school and then addressed a few words to the class. The Double Quartette sang "On to the Sea," from the "Creation" by Handel. Too much praise cannot be given for the work done by the students who finished the musical numbers, their work showed skill and careful and effective training. All feel that it has been a wise move to introduce the course in music.

One of the interesting incidents of the evening was the presentation to Professor T. T. Allen of a bautiful ring, the gift of the faculty and the high school. Allen Morison made the presentation speech and Professor Allen responded, and expessed his appreciation of the gift and of the loyalty which had been shown him during the six years of his residence here.

NEARING COMPLETION.

The Norwich Telephone Line will be Finished Within th Next Week.

The Norwich rural telephone line is fast nearing completion. The work of stretching the wire is now in progress and it is expected that it will be completed during the coming week.

The building of this line was started the 15th of April. The line extends from this borough to the farm of J. B. Oviatt in Norwich township and touches the new Goodyear lumber town at the hadwaters of Potato creek, being 13 miles in length. The headquarters are the Bell telephone office in this borough.

The gentlemen who promoted and put this line through deserve great credit and it is safe to say their work will be even more appreciated as time grows apace. Some fast work was done in the construction of the line.

Bradford Summer School.

A review for teachers June 20 to July 29. Inquire of Chas. H. Koons, Bradford, Pa.

Subscribe for the Miner.

JUNE TERM OF CRIMINAL COURT IN SESSION.

Interesting Session Convened Here on Monday.

C. S. KING, FOREMAN GRAND JURY.

A Large Number Have Come Up for Trial—No Indictment was found Against Prof. Lent of Mt. Jewett Schools—Tony Oaks Found Guilty—Much Business Being Disposed of.

The June term of the Court of Quarter Sessions opened Monday, Judge Bouton presiding. C. S. King of Port Allegany was appointed to act as foreman of the grand jury. Frank Caterina of Bradford was chosen as court interpreter and W. J. Foote as officer to serve the grand jury. The latter were duly instructed by the court as to duties required and retired to consider indictments submitted by the district attorney.

The usual motions and other routine matters were given attention during the afternoon.

Leonard Reynolds of Bradford pleaded guilty to the charge of larceny, having, according to his admission, taken certain poultry into his possession contrary t the act of assembly and to rights of ownership as enjoyed under the constitution, by proprietors of chicken coops. Under promises of reform Reynolds was dealt with leniently by the court. Sentence was suspended and he was placed on probation for a period of nine months, meanwhile to report on stated occasions to Chief of Police Murray.

Frank Nicoluzi, charged with an accessory after the fact, in the illtreatment of Rosanna Cirriano, also pleaded guilty and was permitted to go on suspended sentence and be on probation for a period of one year, B. H. Clark of Clermont being appointed probation officer in the case.

George Knapp pleaded guilty to larceny and was also shown clemency. He was placed under suspended sentence and on probation for a period of nine months, H. R. Hilton of Port Allegany being appointed as probation officer.

The grand jury Tuesday returned the following:

Commonwealth vs. Tony A. Oaks, assault with intent to kill, a true bill.

Commonwealth vs. Nick Maple, assault with intent to kill, not a true bill.

Commonwealth vs. Angelo Gingame, felonious assault, a true bill.

Commonwealth vs. George Roscerans, assault and battery, a true bill.

Commonwealth vs. Norman Stanton, assault and battery, a true bill.

Commonwealth vs. T. J. Lent, assault and battery, not a true bill.

The latter case was one in which a school principal at Mt. Jewett was charged with using undue violence in the chastisement of a pupil. He was exonerated and the costs were placed upon the county.

The case against Tony Oaks was tried and the jury found him guilty of assault and battery.

Ab Wagner of Bradford was tried for assault and battery and an attempt to disfigure Al Nungemaker and found guilty. Judge Bouton sentenced him to pay a fine of $10, cost of prosecution and be imprisoned in the Western penitentiary for a period of not less than nine months, nor more than three years.

Michale Bozzi, charged with assault was on trial when a difference in dates as to the time of an alleged attack on a fellow employe of a B., R. & P. construction gang gave the defendant's attorney a chance to do some technical work. The indictment specified that the assault had occurred on the 17th day of a certain month. The principal witness for the prosecution stated that the trouble took place on the 7th day of the said month. The case was lost to the prosecution on that account and the defendant was given his freedom. A witness for the Comomnwealth in this case was rebuked in severe terms by the judge because of a very apparent attempt to shield the accused person.

The case of the Comomnwealth vs. Rosecrans was also given attention yesterday, but the jury's verdict is not yet announced. Rosecrans is a tax collector and in collecting tribute from an indignant taxpayer, a row occurred in which it is alleged the collector hit hte taxpayer with his fist—with the hand of the law, as it were. Hence the suit.

The grand jury having concluded its investigations of court cases was discharged yesterday afternoon with the thanks of the court. The following bills were returned by the said jury in addition to those previously reported:

Commonwealth vs. Charles Carpenter, assault and battery, a true bill.

Comomnwealth vs. H. E. Shaffer, embezzlement, a true bill.

Commonwealth vs. Robert Maguire, larceny, a true bill.

William Sullivan, burglary and larceny, a true bill.

P. Purcell, fradulently secreting goods, a true bill.

John Noonan and William Miller, highway robbery, a true bill.

Warren E. Passemore, larceny, not a true bill.

Cyrus Evans pleaded guilty to furnishing liquor to persons of known intemperate habits.

After being out all night the jury in the case of the Commonwealth against Tax Collector Rosecreans, rendered a verdict this morning of not guilty, the county to pay the costs.

Angelo Gingame, charged with assault and battery with intent to kill, was found guilty of assault and battery and was sentenced to pay the costs and a fine of $150.

The case of the Commonwealth vs. William Sullivan burglary and larceny, has been tried and is now in the hands of the jury.

ARRESTED IN BUFFALO.

A Notorious Crook, Who is Thought to Have Been Leader of Gang Which Has Been Operating in the Section.

The Buffalo police authorities are confident that they have rounded up the leader of a gang of burglars and safe blowers who have been working in different parts of Pennsylvania and New York. "Gunner" Lee, who was arrested in that city a few days ago is said to be one of the smoothest crooks who have operated in Northwestern Pennsylvania in many years. It is claimed that there were 16 men and boys in his gang and that an even dozen have been arrested and jailed in different cities. Young Getchel, who was arrested in Emporium and later brought to McKean county, accompanied County Detective Jones to Hutchins and there showed him where a quantity of loot had been hidden. A portion of it was stolen from the store of Thompson & Co. of Mt. Jewett. Getchel appaers to be a novice in the game of yeggman and told Detective Jones, that Lee had a number of youths in his gang who were forced to do the most dangerous part of the wok. Getchel is 20 years of age and has already signed a confession which deeply implicates Lee and others of the older members of the gang, who are in jail at Emporium.

To the police Lee is known as a "gay cat," which to yeggmen means the advance man of a gang that is to loot a postoffice or do a big safeblowing job. He is supposed to get the lay of the land and tip off the real workers, the more desperate ones, to what the conditions are so that they can carry out their work. The police suspect that some effort was being made to blow some safes in this vicinity. The police are also looking for a half dozen other men who are pals of the "Gunner" and who are suspected of being in this vicinity. All are believed to be wanted in Emporium.

RURAL LETTER CARRIERS.

They Met in This Borough on May 30th.

The convention of the McKean-Potter Letter Carriers' Association was held in this borough at the court house on May 30.

The following officers were elected:

President, A. G. Crowley of Coudersport.

Secretary, C. L. VanWegen of Coudersport.

Treasurer, Mr. Graves of Coudersport.

Mr. Wood of Coudersport was elected delegate to the State convention to be held in Williamsport.

The next convention of the McKean-Potter Association will be held at Potr Allegany on next Labor Day.

Buffalo Bill's Wild West
—and—
Pawnee Bill's Far East Circus
At Olean, June 23rd, 1910.

Account of the above attraction at Olean, June 23rd, the P., S. & N. R. R. will run excursion on regular train leaving Smethport 8:25 p. m. at round trip fare $1.00. Special return train leaves Olean 6:00 p. m.

A Remarkable Strike.

A man in Ohio recently sought an expert in oil because he believed that he had struck oil on his land He brought a sample in a bottle

Evidently he had been in a great hurry and had hastily grabbed the first bottle at hand for which the chemist had duly analyzed the sample submitted he sent the following telegraphic report

"Find no trace of oil You have struck paregoric"—Youth's Companion

Where He Gets Wise.

I know a little old man
A very wise man is he
I never found ever a subject
He didn't know A to Z

This little man knows it all—
Why Solomon was a dunce
Things Solomon couldn't answer
This little man answers at once

His grasp of the tariff is great
He's posted on cures for warts
World politics he's well versed in
And also in motors at parts

This little old man's a fraud
The secret I'll give to you
He always uncorks his wisdom
After reading the paper through
—Pittsburg Press

His Sensitive Spot

Between dances at the Field Animals club monthly hop, Rita Raccoon was coquetting desperately with the debonair Reynard Fox Honest Rey, I think you're awfully cunning" giggled Rita

'Oh, spring something new,' said Reynard in an injured tone "You mustn't believe all you read in the fables"—Sunday Illustrated Magazine

Too Much For Them

De fisherman at de river, but his chance is mighty slim
De fish won't nibble at his bait—won't sociate wid him.
Dem fish dey knows him mighty well, des how he blow an blow
Dey des can't stand de tales he tell an so dey let him go
Dem fish dey ain't ambitious 'bout'n he never fail
Ter make de sma'lest fish dey is grow ter a Jonah whale
—Atlanta Constitution

Railroad Cooking

Traveler (in dining car) fast express!—Waiter, these eggs are too soft

Waiter—S'prised to hear dat sah

Traveler—They were taken out of the hot water too soon

Waiter—Well sah I'll put 'em back an' let 'em boil mother mile sah—New York Weekly

Safe Deposit

Some find it nothing but strife
Some find it more like a game
Try to put most of life
Whatever it puts into the same

Do the best you can my boy
Don't [illegible] a crank
Try to put some joy
There's room for you on the bank
—Louisville Courier-Journal

An Old Maid's Idea

"Do you believe in early marriages?" he asked

"Well" she replied I used to, but I am willing to say that at present I believe better late than never may be applied to marriage as well as to some other things"—Chicago Record Herald

Kismet

"He loves me not" the daisy said
When all its leaves were plucked
And Ethel felt fate because
She knew the daisy lied.
—Success Magazine

Decidedly Cool

Peggy—Why this strange garb a straw hat and an overcoat

Reggy—The remarks some of these girls make get me so mad I have been working my brain lately and naturally this leaves the rest of my body cold—New York Telegram

Why She Lost Out

Said a spinster I think it is funny
That no man ever called me his honey"
Said a friend On my word
This would not have occurred
If you had a great big pile of money
—Chicago News.

Attracted.

Patience—They say there are 161 varieties of rice known in China and Japan

Patrice—And when the wedding bells are heard the rice begins to jump right out of the ground"—Yonkers Statesman

Summer Forecast

Summers dead and gone remind us
We shall meet them, as of yore—
Miss Slimly up in lofty mountains
Miss Shapely where the billows roar.
—Puck

Shore Dinner For Comet Parties

Comet Tail Soup

Sunfish	Moonfish	Starfish
	Halley but	
	Milky Whey	

—New York Mail

Just So

I sit and sigh the livelong day,
I can't tell why I'm so forlorn,
Why I should feel as I do
And I don't care if I know
I just do.
—Chicago Record

Dressing the Part

"That fellow wears calfskin patents, isn't he

Yes, he even wears patent leather boots Baltimore American

An Impression

The clocks we get are surely wrong
Their fool ways every day
The working hour is twice as long
As one we spend at play
—Washington Star.

Admitted

"Your husband appears to believe in himself so thoroughly"

Yes, he is credulous"—Cleveland Leader

OUR FIRST MINT.

Some of Its Curious Old Rules and Regulations

The first United States mint at Philadelphia was naturally a very unpretentious affair The material for coinage was secured from abroad There was found much difficulty to get any one of experience to operate the coinage and the salary list of the first mint employees was David Ritten house, director, $2,000 per annum, Tristram Dalton, treasurer, $1,200, Henry Voight, coiner, $1,500, Isaac Hugh clerk, $312

The regular coinage of copper began in 1793 silver in 1794 and gold in 1795 The following curious extracts are taken from the mint rules and regulations of the early days

"The allowance under the name of drink money is hereafter to be discontinued

The operations of the mint through out the year are to commence at 5 o'clock in the morning

Christmas day and the Fourth of July—and no other days—are established holidays at the mint

He (watchman) will keep in a proper room chest securely locked a musket and bayonet two pistols and a sword

The watchman must attend from 6 o'clock in the evening to 5 o'clock in the morning must ring the yard bell every hour and send the watchdog through the yard immediately after ringing the bell"

Besides the Philadelphia mint which is now established in palatial quarters at Seventeenth and Spring Garden streets there are mints at San Francisco Denver and New Orleans and an assay office at Carson City

OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

It Linked the Twelfth Century With the Eighteenth

For centuries old London bridge with its double row of houses was the home of generations who lived and traded over the Thames waters

Holbein lived and painted there Osborne the prentice leaped through a window in the house of his master Sir William Hewet to the rescue of Sir William's daughter who had fallen into the swollen flood of the river below and by winning her for his wife laid the foundation of the ducal house of Leeds Crispin Tucker had his shop on the bridge to which Pope and Swift and many another author of fame made pilgrimages to purchase books and gossip with the waggish shopkeeper Crocker's Dictionary was printed at the Roofing Glass on London bridge and gentle corn mills dominated the south end of the structure not many yards from the wonderful Nonsuch House a huge wooden pile with turrets and cupolas brought from Holland

Such in brief outline was the London bridge which linked the twelfth with the eighteenth century and which when it was on its last tottering legs was removed to give place to its fine successor of our day the stone in which is said to be nearly double that employed in building St Paul's cathedral —Montreal Standard

His Danger

In these days of almost pre-eminent German music and musicians it is rather amusing to read the opinions of former generations concerning Teutonic singers

Frederick the Great was so impolitely unpatriotic as to declare that he would rather hear the neighing of a horse than the singing of a German prima donna Perhaps in his day there was some excuse for such a remark but the times have changed

There is a diverting anecdote of an Italian who was convinced that no German could sing A friend induced him to go to the opera where Henriette Sontag sang After he rejoined his friend the Italian got up to go The friend urged him to stay, assuring him that he would be convinced soon

I know it replied the Italian and that's why I go

Doves and Coronations

At the ancient ceremonies of coronation of the French kings after the anointing had been performed some white doves were let loose in the church This was supposed to symbolize the power of the Holy Ghost in directing the kings actions A similar idea seems to have inspired all early kings for among the English regalia is the rod of equity or the scepter with the dove This is simply a golden rod with a mound at the top which supports a cross On this cross is a dove, fashioned of white enamel, with expanded wings Some fine diamonds ornament the rod in various places

Gender of Garlic

Why is garlic masculine gender' asked the man who markets 'It must be masculine because the greengrocers I buy from call it 'he' They are mostly Italians and ought to know the sex of garlic if anybody does Of all the vegetables and aromatic herbs I buy garlic is the only one to which masculine virtues are ascribed Everything else is neuter To call garlic 'it' would be an insult The garlic he is fresh he is fine, he is cheap he is dear I guess isn't it" —New York Times

He Had Quit

'You saw you have quit smoking?'

"Yep never going to smoke again"

Then why don't you throw away those cigars'

'Never I threw away a box of good cigars the last time I quit smoking and it taught me a lesson'—Houston Post

Not what you do but how you do it is the test of your capacity —Studley

The Power of Paderewski

A hard headed business man went to hear Paderewski play" says A E Thomas in Success Magazine "The man is not a musician He spends his days trying to buy cotton when it is low and sell it when it is high This is how he described his experience at the piano recital

"You know I'm not easily stirred up and I don't know anything about music I wouldn't know whether a man was playing the piano extremely well or just fairly well But I do know that Paderewski played one thing that afternoon that stirred me up as I never was stirred in my life. I don't remember what it was. I couldn't have told whether he was playing an hour or five minutes All I know is that it stirred up feelings within me I had never felt before Great waves of emotion swept over me I wanted to shout and I wanted to cry, and when the last chord was struck I found myself on my feet waving my umbrella and shouting like a wild Indian I went out of that hall as weak as a rag and happier than I'd been in years I can't account for it. I've tried, but I can't explain it. Can you?"

Burglar's Besetting Sin

The burglar's besetting sin is heedlessness The chances are that it was heedlessness that first drove him out of honest employment and made a burglar of him The burglar ransacks a house and carries away a spoon holder, a card tray or some other inexpensive souvenir of the occasion, and he overlooks the thousand dollar bill on the dining room table and the rope of pearls on the towel rack This heedlessness seems to be common to the whole fraternity. We do not know what the experience of other cities is, but in Newark the burglar leaves an astonishing amount of portable wealth behind him invariably When he reads on the day after the robbery that he took Mrs De Stile's chafing dish and ignored her $500 ruby bracelet beside it or that he upset the Pompleys dresser drawer to get the revolver and failed to see the government bonds that lay in plain sight on the washstand how he must gnash his teeth and bite himself for neglecting to develop his powers of attention and observation in his youth'—Newark News

What "Garbler" Once Meant.

'Garble garbled "Garbler," are words which nowadays convey quite a different meaning from that which was formerly accepted Garble' originally signified simply to select for a purpose. At one time there was an officer termed the garbler of spices whose duty it was to visit the shops and examine the spices ordering the destruction of all impure goods His duties were similar to those of the inspector of the modern health department, who forbids the sale of decayed vegetables or tainted meat. The word comes from a root meaning to sift." The impurities sifted out have in the course of generations corrupted the term till a 'garbled report' is no longer a report wherefrom all uncertainty has been removed but one that is full of misrepresentation and made misleading, with deliberate intent

Mississippi Steamboating

The steamboat age on the Mississippi began about 1821 and flourished for fifty years. As early as 1834 the number of steamboats on the Mississippi and its tributaries is estimated at 230 and in 1842 there were 450 vessels with a value of $25,000,000. But the golden era was from 1848 till the war Never did the valley and steamboating prosper more than then 'Thousands of bales of cotton were annually shipped to southern markets, and the wharfs of St. Louis and Memphis and Vicksburg and other large ports were stacked with piles of merchandise and lined with scores of steamers—Travel Magazine.

Corrected

It is the custom of a well known minister to point his sermons with either dearly beloved brethren or "now my brothers One day a lady member of his congregation took exception to this"

Why do you always preach to the gentlemen and never to the ladies?' she asked

"My dear lady," said the beaming vicar, "one embraces the other"

'But not in the church!" was the instant reply

The Cruel Reason

Mrs. Gossip—How does it come that Mrs. Newrich invited you to her party? I thought you were enemies. Mrs. Sharp—We are, but she thought I had nothing fit to wear and wanted to make me feel bad.

So Foolish.

"She is neglecting her game of bridge dreadfully"

"Why is she doing that?"

'Some silly excuse Says the children need her, I believe"—Pittsburg Post.

An Ancient Custom.

"I wonder if men have always complained about the food their wives prepared for them," said one woman,

'I guess so' replied the other "Adam started it"—Washington Star

The New Cook.

Wifey—This pudding is a sample of the new cook's work What do you think of it? Hub—I'd call it mediocre Wifey—No, dear, it's tapioca—Boston Transcript.

Disguised

Customer—I'm going to a masked ball, and I want something that will completely disguise me

Costumer Certainly, sir I will give you something nice—Pele Mele

Dying to Order.

Dying to order is one of the most sacred customs of the American Indian. Many years ago Standing Elk went to Major James McLaughlin, the author of 'My Friend the Indian,' and said, Father my wife will die today, and she wants a coffin from you.'

The major asked him what the ailment was, and he replied,

"Just nothing but that she heard the ghosts calling and must go."

Somebody had told her, it turned out, that she was sick, so she had 'painted for death," and all her relatives had gathered about to bemoan her—and incidentally divide her property as soon as she was dead. There was no use in the major's arguing about it, so he had the coffin made

In many cases those painted for death" are actually bullied into dying but Mrs. Standing Elk was still too vigorous. Finally in despair she carried the coffin into the house on her own shoulders, and several years later the major saw it still standing on end in her house Shelves had been fitted into it, and it was doing duty as a cupboard.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Improving Americans.

"Nothing is fixed but the certainty of change' said Goethe, and we know that the future American will represent a change He may be taller or shorter or thinner or fatter than the American of today, but there is nothing in the existing state of society—and we use society in its broad sense—to indicate that he will not be better in many ways Confidence in this is based largely on the evident determination of the American of today to leave our institutions and our ideals better than he found them Every American, native or foreign born wants his children to have a better education than it was possible for him to secure He wants to have his children live in a community of higher standards and ideals than he has, he wants betterment in local state and national conditions and the result of the want will be improvement and a demand by his children for still greater improvement.—St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

An Economical Man

A commercial traveler told of a man who was riding on a train and pretended to become ill after eating a sandwich The man opened his grip and took out a hot water bag 'He got a sympathetic porter' the commercial man continues to fill the water bag with boiling water and then he opened up his lunch basket took out a piece of fried steak and warmed it up on the water bag You talk about your light housekeeping' Then after he had warmed the steak he cut it all up with a pair of scissors and fed it to himself with a pair of sugar tongs Because he would not take a chance with a fork going around a curve But his finish was a limit. After he had eaten the steak he unscrewed the stopper of the water bag and poured himself out a cup of hot coffee He had the grounds in the bag all the time."

In a Quandary.

The young lady sighed deeply and was almost affected to tears

"Harold she said 'declares that if I don't marry him he will end his life And I am afraid he will."

She stifled a sob, then continued

'And Randolph declares that if I don't marry him he will go into politics and become great and famous, and then he says I shall see what I have missed And I am afraid he will keep his word too"

Overcome by emotion, she buried her face in her hands, not knowing whether to save a life or to spare the country another politician.—Exchange

An Amendment.

"Are you ready to live on my income?" he asked softly

She looked up into his face trustingly

"Certainly, dearest," she answered. "If—if"—

"If what?"

"If you get another one for yourself"—New York Journal

The Dreaded Doctor.

"How did you like your dinner?" inquired the epicure

"Well," answered the dyspeptic, "it was admirable in every respect. But my doctor has put me into such an apprehensive frame of mind that whenever I really enjoy eating anything I become utterly miserable."

The Analysis.

"Did you have the soil of your back yard analyzed by the agricultural department?"

"Yes. They said it consisted largely of glass, tin and putty, with traces of builder's lime, and suggested that it might do to raise a mortgage on."—Louisville Courier-Journal

Great Achievement.

"And what do you regard as the greatest triumph of modern surgery?"

—"Collecting the bills,' promptly responded the great practitioner—London Spare Moments.

Especially In the Subways.

"There ain't but one trouble with this here city air," said Uncle Rufe, sniffing the atmosphere speculatively, "it do need ventilatin.'"—Holland's Magazine.

His Reason.

'Why do you always leave the house James, when I begin to sing the old songs?" pouted Mrs. Howlit.

—"Fresh air," said Howlit.—Harper's Weekly

He who has the truth in his heart need never fear the want of persuasion on his tongue—Ruskin.

A STRANGE REVERSAL.

Napoleon and Wellington and an Exchange of Residences

In the days before the Suez canal was opened to the world St Helena was a frequent port of call for British vessels bound to and from India and the far east This custom explains Harper's Weekly was caused by the need of obtaining supplies for the long voyage, and it was therefore for this reason that the ship which on one occasion bore the Duke of Wellington then Sir Arthur Wellesley returning to England from India, touched at the island The great commander spent one night at Jamestown at the house of a Mr Balcom

Ten years later Napoleon Bonaparte landed to begin his six years of exile and was assigned to the same room that his conqueror at Waterloo had occupied This coincidence came to the knowledge of the duke at Paris during its occupation by the allied forces and he dispatched the following letter to the British officer then in command at St. Helena

"I am very much obliged to you for Mr Simpson's book which I will read when I have a moment's leisure I am glad you have taken the command at St. Helena upon which I congratulate you You may tell 'Boney' that I find his apartments at the Elysee Bourbon very convenient and that I hope he likes mine at Mr Balcom's It is a droll enough sequel to the affairs of Europe that we should change places of residence'

His Quick Wit Saved Him

An ancestor of the great Tolstoy was an officer in the Russian army and a great mimic One day he was impersonating the Emperor Paul to a group of his friends when Paul himself entered and for some moments looked on unperceived at the antics of the young man Tolstoy finally turned and beholding the emperor bowed his head and was silent.

'Go on sir said Paul 'Continue the performance'

The young man hesitated a moment and then folding his arms and imitating every gesture and intonation of his sovereign he said

'Tolstoy you deserve to be degraded, but I remember the thoughtlessness of youth and you are pardoned'

The czar smiled slightly at this speech

Well be it so, he said

Willing to Pay

When the British square at the battle of Abu Klea in the Nubian desert was penetrated by the dervishe one of them attempted to spear a gunner who was in the act of ramming home a charge The Briton brained the Sudanese but the rammer head spit on the man's hard skull Next day the gunner was sent for. Mistaking the reason and knowing from experience that soldiers are charged for government property which they break he led off Please sir I'm very sorry I broke the rammer, but I never thought the fellow's head could be so hard I'll pay for the rammer so as to hear no more of the case

Obedient

Well my little man queries the minister who was making a call do you always do as your mamma tells you"

You bet I do answered the precocious youngster and so does pa

Cordially Invited

Grass [illegible] nothing if not [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Mr [illegible] says one wet morning the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] I have seen so far enough

Well I've been down to [illegible] while some days I've got a lot of old boxing [illegible] if you come down any day I'll [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

The Other Way

"You may give me a seat down at Nice a week in the pharmacy office"

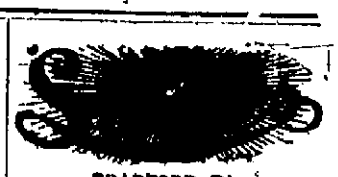
Sounds as if I were having my automobile thrown at me

"No sir I'm [illegible] them, that's why I am"—Philadelphia Press

Didn't Follow Directions

'Burtin seems very sore on his old man

Yes he threw me out of the window and I told him to go and get a brick and he took a front one"—Boston Transcript



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A new stock of goods have arrived and are on display at my store in the Young Block, opposite Fry & Comes, I am prepared to do all kinds of Portrait enlarging, Millinery and 5 and 10-cent counter. Give me a call
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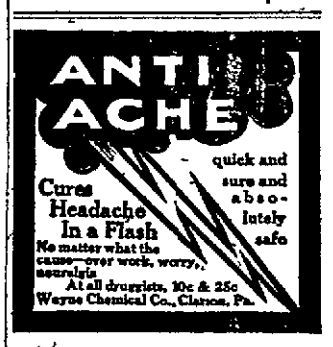

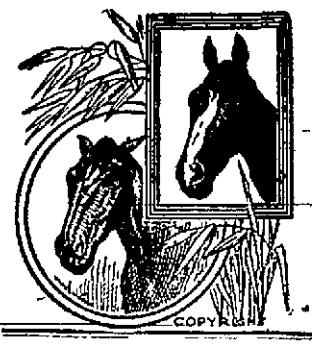

THE QUALITY OF THE FEED
has very much to do with the quality of the horse Feed him properly and he will show it, as by purchasing your horse feed at F. A GREEN'S you will get it absolutely fresh, and absolutely clean, as must and mildew, or seeds of injurious weed mixed with the feed will surely injure the horse
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Smethport, Pa.

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FLOWERS and POTTED PLANTS.

Strong Healthy Women

If a woman is strong and healthy in a womanly way, motherhood means to her but little suffering. The trouble lies in the fact that the many women suffer from weakness and disease of the distinctly feminine organism and are unfitted for motherhood. This can be remedied.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

Cures the weaknesses and disorders of women. It acts directly on the delicate and important organs concerned in motherhood, making them healthy, strong, vigorous, virile and elastic.

"Favorite Prescription" banishes the indispositions of the period of expectancy and makes baby's advent easy and almost painless. It quickens and vitalizes the feminine organs, and insures a healthy and robust baby. Thousands of women have testified to its marvelous merits.

It Makes Weak Women Strong. It Makes Sick Women Well.

Honest druggists do not offer substitutes, and urge them upon you as "just as good." Accept no secret nostrum in place of this *non-secret* remedy. It contains not a drop of alcohol and not a grain of habit-forming or injurious drugs. Is a pure glyceric extract of healing, native American roots.

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If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

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THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER

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The Big Store.

THE BARE FACT

that your ice cream has been made in a Lightning freezer insures smoothness and a delightful consistency to this popular refreshment. A child can turn the Lightning freezer with as good results as if it was turned by a man. You can have ice cream and all kinds of frozen dainties at small cost when you get a Lightning freezer from

W. B. MEANS.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, June 9, 1910.

Local and General.

—Criminal court this week.

—Toll the bell softly for there's crepe on—the rest of the county.

—Fry & Comes have a change of advertisement in this week's Miner.

—Do not fail to read the new advertisement of Daly & Garlick in this issue of The Miner.

—Halley's comet is still visible in the western heavens, but is growing somewhat dimmer.

—The Odd Fellows band serenaded the three local candidates for legislative honors Monday evening.

—It is understood that Hon. T. A. Morrison, Judge of the Superior Court of Pennsylvania, is to erect a mausoleum in Rose Hill cemetery.

—The annual Children's Day exercises will be held in the Methodist Episcopal church on Sunday evening in place of the regular services.

—Balls are being given at the Bacus building every Saturday night to good business. A ball will also be given the 4th of July at this hall.

—Don't forget the benefit dance at Howe's Hall, East Smethport, this Thursday evening. It is for a good cause and deserves liberal patronage.

—A drunken wood "hick" and another weary wayfarer were sheltered at the borough bastile Monday night having been gathered in by Officer Harold McCarthy.

—Officer Harold McCarthy arrested a highly intoxicated gentleman, who is engaged in the bark peeling industry at the headwaters of Potato creek, Tuesday evening.

—The game of politics was played to its fullest extent in this borough last Saturday. A large number of automobiles and rigs were brought into use and if a voter missed being rounded up it was his own fault.

—Neilis, Hyatt and Perry, the well known oil well contractors, have been moving their drilling outfit from the county farm lease of the Surprise Oil Co. to Coleville during the past week. They have contracts for putting down three wells at that place.

—The Rev. W. H. Adams of the Methodist church in Eldred has been in town this week as a juryman and the Rev. W. H. Manning of Duke Center has been serving on the grand jury.

—The Rev. W. A. Harris gave the Commencement address at Hazelhurst last Friday evening.

—For freak weather the month of May and of June so far as it has gone will go down in history. The number of pleasant days could almost be counted on the fingers of one hand.

—Separated from his wife and overwhelmed with financial worries, Edward Cherrie, a former resident of Ridgway, Monday tried to end his life with a dose of strychnine in his room in the McFarlin hotel in that place. Physicians who attended him after he had taken the poison think that he will live.

—Mrs. Agnes Malone, who was so seriously burned on Wednesday of last week is recovering from the effects of the trying ordeal through which she passed in a most gratifying manner. It was at first thought that the recovery of this aged lady was doubtful but she is now on the road to recovery under the care of Dr. McCadwick, the attending physician.

—Hobart, the little son of Mr. and Mrs. George Hyde of this borough, who was taken to Philadelphia on Wednesday of last week by his mother, underwent a surgical operation in that city the latter part of last week for a throat affliction. The operation was a most successful one and the little fellow is recovering nicely from its effects. It is expected that he will be able to accompany his mother home next week.

—There is considerable activity about the Mississippi Glass Co.'s plant this week and it need occasion no surprise if fires go in the tanks in time to start making glass by the 15th. This will be good news to the boys who have been waiting several months to get earning something there. Quite a force has been employed there all the time not missing a day. With this plant working Port Allegany in our opinion, will pass the best industrial point she ever made.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—A new cement walk is being laid on the west side of Elisha Kent Kane's property on Long street from Water street to a point across the right of way of the Kushequa railroad where it connects with the walk leading to the Smethport Window Glass factory. A pevious walk at this point was built out into the street and it was necessary by reason of the borough ordinance passed some time ago to move the walk back several feet from the street. An embankment several feet in height is being built at the southern end to bring the walk up to the proper grade line. A. E. Hackett is doing the work.

MATHEMATICS.

Used to Locate an Aerolite That No One Had Ever Seen.

Arithmetic, algebra and trigonometry are not romantic, but they may accomplish things which greatly impress the imagination. By means of them a professor at Yale university found a few years ago an aerolite that no one had ever seen.

It appears that a photographer in Ansonia, Conn., was occupied in taking pictures by the aid of a telescope of a comet which was invisible to the naked eye. When his negatives were developed one of them revealed the fall of a meteor. It was too small an object to attract the attention of the unaided eyes, but its line on the photograph indicated that it must have come to the earth.

The picture was shown to an astronomical professor at Yale. Ascertaining the point of observation and reckoning with the aid of the data which the photograph itself supplied, he made a calculation which proved that the meteor must have fallen in the neighborhood of a reservoir some two miles north of Danbury, Conn. There the aerolite was found in the very place indicated by the calculation. It was oval in form, measured fifteen and a half inches in length, seven and a half inches in diameter and weighed twenty-six pounds. It was sent to the museum of Yale university, where it serves not only as an illustration of the nature of the vagrant bodies of the skies, but testifies also to the wonders of calculation which it is possible for mathematical science to accomplish.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

DROPPING ASLEEP.

The Way Mother Nature Charms Away Our Consciousness.

How do we go to sleep? How does Mother Nature charm away our consciousness? First of all she throws her spell on those centers of our bodies that preside over the muscular system, causing one group of muscles after another gradually to collapse. Thereafter various powers of mind succumb in regular order. First we lose attention and judgment, then memory goes, and imagination wanders away in reveries of its own. Ideas of time and space cease to control thought as gentle sleep, the nurse of our life, draws nearer. Then comes the turn of the [illegible] beginning with sight. Presently [illegible] eyeballs turn inward [illegible] as if to [illegible] tracting [illegible] steals [illegible].

The [illegible] ears [illegible] er of [illegible] hears [illegible] more [illegible] ten to [illegible] the [illegible] slow [illegible] durst [illegible] temperature [illegible] by [illegible] degrees, and the body [illegible] when [illegible]. And so at last [illegible] covers a man all over, sleep that shuts up sorrow's eye.—London Express.

Both In Front and Behind.

A police magistrate recently learned that it is possible to be back of a person even if you are in front of him. The means of this startling intelligence was a stout German conductor, witness to a "breach of the peace" that occurred aboard his car.

"You were on your platform and yet you say that the prisoner was in back of you?" said the puzzled magistrate.

"Ya."

"Was the prisoner in the car?"

"Ya."

"Well, then, he must have been in front of you."

"Nein," said the man patiently. "I am the conductor."

"Then," exclaimed the magistrate, "you were on the rear platform. The prisoner was in the car. Now, how in heaven's name was he in back of you?"

The conductor smiled sweetly.

"My back was turned," he said.—Philadelphia Times.

Lived Up to Her Name.

Apropos of the eternal domestic question, an Englishwoman relates this experience: "I engaged a maid named Pearl, and as I simply couldn't ask a Pearl to fill the coal scuttle or to holystone to the doorstep I said: 'I would rather call you by some other name. Have you a second one?' 'Yes,' replied the damsel brightly, 'my second name is Opal.' So I stuck to Pearl. At one time I all but engaged a maid named Hermione, but upon asking her, 'Have you a black dress, white caps and aprons?' she replied acidly: 'Yes, I have, but I'm not going to wear 'em. Ma didn't christen me 'Ermione for to wear a livery.'"

When Finished.

Busy persons, for all to defend themselves from interminable talkers who have little to say, can appreciate a hint to which Henry IV. of France once resorted. A parliamentary deputy called upon him and made a long speech. The king listened patiently for a time, then he decided that his visitor would do well to condense his remarks. He took him by the hand and led him to where they could see the gallery of the Louvre.

"What do you think of that building? When it is finished it will be a good thing, will it not?"

"Yes," replied the man of many words, not guessing what was coming next.

"Well, monsieur, that is just the way with your discourse," was the king's mild observation.

The Man Who Laughed.

The laugh of fat old Abner Green was famed the country round,
It seemed to foster merriment, and funny heard it resound!
But smiled or roared in sympathy, so potent was its spell,
It filled the air with echoes kind, reluctantly it fell.
And as he wiped his streaming eyes old Abner would declare,
"The wrinkles made by laughter will crowd out lines of care."

Old Abner was as commonplace as dirt in the land,
He started all his letters thus: "I take my pen in hand."
The tales at which he laughed were old, but when his voice rang clear
Men paused, with new light in their eyes, and bent a willing ear,
And at the end old Ab would say: "Well, that wa's pretty fair,
The wrinkles made by laughter will crowd out the lines of care."

The Corners sent successful men unto the city's ways,
And none remembers them today or says a word of praise,
But Ab, who taught men how to laugh, lives long in memory,
The friends he made shall ne'er forget his merry minstrelsy,
And still his words come floating back in all their wisdom rare:
"The wrinkles made by laughter will crowd out lines of care."
—Arthur Chapman in Denver Republican.

Their Obvious Purpose.

"Jine hands!" solemnly said good old Parson Bagster. "Does yo,' Cloud Eefaw, take dis pub woman, Gladys Lorena Bulginback, to be yo' lawful wedded wife, for better or for wuss, to love and cherish, th'oo good and evil repo't? Does yo'"—

"Cou'se I does, sah!" a trifle impatiently interrupted the groom. "Do yo' 'magine dat me and dis lady come yuh to pose for a movin' picture act?"—Puck.

The Mark He Toes.

She makes him toe the mark, they say,
And doubtless they are right.
He toils away day after day;
Her hands are soft and white.

She has a winsome, pretty face;
His brow has lines of care.
Still youthful, she possesses grace
And splendid things to wear.

She makes him toe the mark, they say.
He seems borne down by woes.
Her clothes are rich, her laugh is gay.
This (?) is the mark he toes.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

Insufficient Test.

"Talking about appetites," said the boarder who wants to be an end man, "a friend of mine is so proud of his that when the boys offered to pay for thirty quails if he would eat one every day for thirty days he was so indignant because they didn't make it an even hundred that he refused to consider the offer."—Brown's Magazine.

Wifey.

[With apologies to the author—and the reader.]

There is gladness in her gladness when her husband treats her right;
There is sadness in her sadness if from him she gets a slight,
But the gladness of her gladness
And the sadness of her sadness
Aren't in it with her madness when the brute stays out all night.

QUIRK'S RESTAURANT

Quick Lunches at all Hours
CIGARS AND TOBACCO
BALTIMORE SEAL SHIPT OYSTERS a specialty
JAMES QUIRK, Prop.

Good Groceries

We hold our Customers by giving them the best goods at the lowest possible prices.

WE HAVE

everything in the line of Groceries that a careful housewife needs to satisfy the demands of the table. Our

TEAS AND COFFEES

retain their flavor, and the increasing sales of the articles indicate that our patrons appreciate good articles for little money.

Oscar Engstrom

—Dealer in—
GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

McKean County's Pioneer Bank

Solicits your checking account or your deposits on interest.

¶ Our form of Deposit is very favorable.

NO ACCOUNT TOO SMALL to receive our careful attention.

¶ We offer all inducements practical with conservative banking.

"Sunkist"

Oranges, Lemons

"SUNKIST"

means orange perfection.

I have a superb assortment of the choicest fruit this week.

J. Colegrove,

Dealer in fine Groceries, Fancy Fruits and Delicacies.

WE

Are now fully located in our new store on Main street and would be delighted to have

YOU

Call and inspect our fine and complete line of

WINTER FOOTWEAR

—FOR

MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN.

We can satisfy both your fancy and purse in BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBERS, etc.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

EARLY RISERS
The famous little pills.

A BIG SAVING!

THE BEST BOYS' MAGAZINE AND THE BEST NEWSPAPER

AT A REMARKABLY LOW PRICE

That's what comes of getting together. We have combined with the publisher of THE BOYS' MAGAZINE and the result is that you can have THE BOYS' MAGAZINE and YOUR OWN PAPER, THE McKEAN MINER, for the very low price given below.

You cannot bring into the life of the boy you love a greater pleasure or a stronger influence for good than a year's subscription to The Boys' Magazine.

EACH ISSUE CONTAINS

36 large pages (11x15 inches)
Two fine serials
From six to eight clever short stories
Numerous special articles
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A Big Athletic Department, edited by WALTER CAMP
Director of Athletics at Yale University, is a feature. Every boy should read Mr. Camp's ideas of true, manly sportsmanship.
Departments of Electricity, Mechanics, Photography, Stamps, Coins and Curios that are interesting and instructive.
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A TYPICAL ILLUSTRATION
From THE BOYS MAGAZINE.

THE BOYS' MAGAZINE, ONE YEAR,
AND YOUR OWN PAPER,
THE McKEAN MINER, ONE YEAR,

BOTH FOR $1.60

SEND IN YOUR ORDER NOW

ADDRESS
The McKean County Miner, Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. HACKER,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, June 9, 1910.

The Republican party has one of the strongest tickets in years. It is the duty of every Republican to stand by it to a man.

Messrs. Bell and Redfield will be a pair to be reckoned with if sent to Harrisburg. It would be hard to find two more able men.

Charles E. Patton for Congress will without a doubt sweep the district. He received a flattering vote last Saturday and his victory seems assured. He has the ability to make an excellent Congressman.

Hon. Joseph, C. Sibley of Franklin won out in the 28th Congressional district for the Republican nomination to Congress. His opponent was the present Congressman, Nelson P. Wheeler of Endeavor. This district is composed of Mercer, Forest, Warren, Elk and Venango counties. Wheeler won out in all the counties but Venango and "Honest Joe" carried his own county by a majority sufficient to nominate him by 660 over his opponent.

—The condition of Mrs. C. W. Dickenson who has been in a precarious condition at her home on Bank street, is growing steadily worse. Absolutely no hopes are held out for her recovery and at the time The Miner goes to press it is thought that this estimable lady cannot survive many more hours.

MEMORIAL SERMON.

Delivered by Rev. W. A. Harris on Sunday, May 29, 1910, at Methodist Episcopal Church.

The Anglo-Saxon and Individual Rights.

Behold, I proclaim a liberty for you. Jeremiah, 34:17.

When we turn to the storied pages of history we read of those mighty pulse beats of the Aryan race which sent migration after migration into Europe to settle in her southern peninsulas, to sweep across her central and western plains and even into the western isles that breast the Atlantean waves. One of these migrations brought into western Europe a number of tribes known to us as the Germanic or Teutonic tribes. It is not known at what period they came, only that they found there a people known as the Celts who at a still earlier period had moved westward from the same Aryan home. These Celts who are divided into the Gaels who include the Irish and the Scotch, and into the Cymri and Welsh.

When the Teutons swept over the plains of Europe they drove the Celts before them into the islands off the western coast. In the days when the Roman civilization was at its height there came rumors of a numerous and rude people who lived in the German forests. These were the Teutons who, were savages of great physical prowess and they possessed a certain rugged morality. They did not at first have settled abodes but were ever moving from place to place to acquire room or at the suggestion of hunger or the desire for plunder. They were warriors as even their names suggest for Frank means a battle axe man and Saxon means knife-man. When the great Roman Empire was breaking up it was these rude tribes of the north who overran its borders helped to destroy it and on its shattered ruins they built the nations of modern Europe.

When these Teutons from Germany and Scandinavia began their movement upon the Roman Empire the Roman soldiers had been in possession of Britain for more than four centuries. In 410 the troops were withdrawn from Britain, to defend Italy and Rome against these restless northern peoples. But even then it was too late and before the end of the century the German Odoacer had stripped the purple from the last of the Caesars, Italy became the prey of Vandal, Goth and Lombard. The Franks poured into Gaul and uniting with the Romanized Celts formed France. The West Goths seized upon the Roman provinces in Spain and founded the Spanish race.

When the Roman troops withdrew the Britons were already being harried by the Scots and especially by a fierce people known as the Picts who dwelt in the north of the British Isles. And then the same restless Teutons who were pouring in upon the great empire in the south had also begun to harry the coasts of Britain dashing across the seas from the mouths of the German rivers. Vortigern, the ruler of the little kingdom of Kent was so harrased by the Picts and the piratical Saxons that it would be a good thing to play on the one against the other and so perhaps get rid of them both.

He accordingly invited over a tribe called the Jutes and under their leaders Hengist and Horsa they landed in 449 A. D. They drove out the Picts but decided that they would themselves stay and so proceeded to drive the Britons from their homes. Within a few years and before the spirit of Hengist had departed to the Valhalla of the northern warriors, reports of the rich prize across the sea had reached the ears of Ella, the Saxon, and he came over in 477 with his three sons and with three ship loads of men. They founded Sussex or the kingdom of the South Saxons. The Saxon was so merciless in his treatment of the Celt that the English traveler in Wales is still called a Saxon. But it was a third English kingdom founded by these invaders that was destined to become the greatest. They founded a kingdom to the west of the Jutes and of the earlier Saxons and they were known as the West Saxtons or Wessex. It was from this stock Cedric that the royal line of England is traced through Plantagenet, Tudor, Stuart and the House of Hanover of which George the V is the present representative. It was this Cedric in one of his attempts to push his way to the northwest, encountered a British chieftain by the name of Arthur. It was this Arthur who was called the "flower of kings" and whose name is interwoven with the legends of that time and has gained new luster in our time by the "Idyls of the King" of Tennyson. It was however the Angles whose time of coming into Britain we do not know that gave their name to the country, Angleland. They settled in East Anglia and were known as the North folk and the South folk.

Thus by the end of the fifth century the real founders of the new nation had begun their work in real earnest. For another two hundred and fifty years there was struggle between tribe and tribe and little kingdom and little kingdom until in 802 Egbert came to the throne of Wessex and soon after he won Kent, Sussex, Essex, East Anglia, and defeated the Mercians. To a large extent the island owned his sway and he became the first of England's kings. He ruled until 837.

Now it is not my purpose to-day to trace all the fascinating story of this people. But to-day we honor the men who gave their lives for it. I want you to see that your patriotism and that of your comrade dead is only a part of the spirit of devotion to liberty and to human rights which has always marked the Anglo-Saxon race. I wish you to see that there has been in this people from the first a love of liberty and of individual rights. For these this people have always been willing to fight and to die. It is this larger thing which I wish you to study with me to-day and if I do not speak so much in detail of your own personal experiences it is not because I am indifferent to them but because I think of them as the flower of that long struggle for liberty which the centuries have witnessed.

Let us then turn for a little to these German peoples and to the life which they bring with them from about the mouths of the rivers that pour their tides into the German Ocean. We see them in little clusters within their primitive fortifications. The rough fence and trench which enclosed them was called a "tun," a word from which we get our word town, and their tunscipe gives our township. About these little fortifications lay the lands for grain and pasture and the meadow lands. The bond that held together these little cluster of folk was always the blood bond. The social center was the earl who was the descendent of the first settlers and who handed down the blood and the traditions of the fathers. The earl was looked up to with a degree of hereditary reverence and he was distinguished by his wealth and noble blood. It was from the earls that the leaders of the villages and in times of war the chieftains were chosen. But this claim to precedence was always sanctioned by the free votes of the community and the earl could not urge it upon them.

Below the earls were the ceorls or freemen were also descendents of the early settlers or new comers who had been admitted to a share in the land. These freemen formed the basis of English society. They were the "free-necked men" whose long hair floated over a neck that had never bowed to any over-lord. They were

"There was a dwelling of kings ere the world was waxen old:
Dukes were the door-wards there, and the roofs were thatched with gold;
Earls were the wrights that wrought it, and silver nailed its doors;
Earls' wives were the weaving-women, sweet daughters strewed the floors.
And the masters of it gone-craft were the mightiest men that cast
The sails of the storm of battle adown the bickering blast.
Where dwelt men merry-hearted, and in hope exceeding great;
Met the good days and the evil as they went the way of fate:
There the gods were unforgotten, yea whiles they walked with men,
And though the deeds of man-folk were not yet waxen old,
Yet had they tales for song-craft, and the blossomed garth of rhyme,
Tales of the framing of all things and the entering in of time
From the halls of the outer heaven, so near they knew the door."

Now it was these German tribes who came into Britain after the Romans left. They were the first Englishmen. Within about three hundred years one of these chieftains had become England's first king. This was Egbert who began to rule in 802. At this time there had already begun another invasion of the island from another branch of the same Teutonic stock, the Scandanavians. These are better known to us as the Northmen or Norsemen. They were wonderful sailors and the fierce storms of the seas seemed to delight them as they cast their laughter and song aloft to the tempests. They had better ships than the southern nations and they swept the German Ocean, the Bay of Biscay, the Mediterranean. They burned Paris, plundered Bordeaux, took Lisbon, Seville, and despoiled the Italian ports.

After the death of Egbert in 837 the Vikings continued to come and within twenty years they had sailed up the Thames and burned London and Canterbury. The sons of Egbert and his famous grandson, Alfred the Great, fought against them but at last the Norsemen conquered and in 1017 Canute who was at the time king of Denmark and Sweden became king of England. The Danes ruled until 1042 when Godwin, who had been the minister of the three Danish kings, restored the line of the Saxon Cedric in Edward the Confessor from whose father Ethelred the Norseman had wrested it in 1017.

We must now trace another line for about a century earlier. Rolf the Ranger who was another viking, had sailed up the Seine river and forced Charles the Simple of France to give him some territory about the mouth of the river. Then Rolf settled down to improve his land and acquire more. After him the land he settled was called Normandy. As a Norseman he was a kinsman of the Danes who had come into England and to the English throne. It happened that one of the daughters of Alfred the Great, who was the grandson of Egbert the first of the English kings, had married into the Norman family and her granddaughter was at this time married to William who was now the Duke of Normandy and the seventh in line of descent from Rollo. In 1066 Edward the king of England died. William now claimed the throne through his wife and he set sail for England and after fighting the battle of Hastings, he defeated Harold the English claimant on the 14th of October, 1066, and on Christmas day of the same year he was crowned king of England by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Unfortunate as the Norman conquest appeared it was in fact one of the most fortunate things in the history of the English people. Creasy points out that while the Saxon institutions were the primitive cradle of English liberty, yet of their intrinsic force they could never have founded the enduring free English Constitution. Guizot says that England's liberties are due to her having been conquered by the Normans. It was the Norman barons who were the chiefs of the primary constitutional movement. Though of the same original stock yet they were pre-eminent among all the branches of the Gothic stock and they had also entered into the rich inheritance which the Roman Empire and the empire of Charlemange had left to the world. As the English Campbell declared: "They high-mettled the blood of our veins."

Under the reign of the Norman kings there began a struggle between the great barons and the king. The king often ruled with a high hand while the barons sought power for themselves. After a little more than two centuries John came to the throne as a wicked and foolish monarch whose name no later English king has ever borne. He came to the throne in 1199. He had inherited territory in France and was not felt to be in sympathy with the English. In an effort to gain possession of his French lands he was defeated and came back to England discredited in the eyes of the people. About this time an event occurred which was a most unfortunate thing for John though not so for his people. The archbishop of Canterbury, Hubert, died. The monks of Canterbury named a man for the place, the bishops named another man and John named still another. The result was an appeal to Innocent III. He had the most extravagant ideas as to the authority of the church and he threw aside the three men and appointed a man of his own choice. The man chosen was Stephen Langton, an English scholar and cardinal. This was in 1207. John was enraged and said that the new archbishop should not put his foot on the island. Then there began a struggle between John and Innocent III. Innocent interdicted all worship so that there were no religious services in all England except baptism alone. Still John did not yield. Then Innocent excommunicated John. Still he did not yield. Then Innocent deposed John and directed Philip of France to drive him out of his kingdom. All this while the great barons were demanding their rights and the archbishop who was an Englishman, also aided them just as earlier Anselm had withstood the wrongs of William II, and as Theobald had withstood Stephen.

Then one day greatly to the surprise of all John suddenly surrendered his kingdom

(Continued on Page 8.)

Want to Sell

your farm, timber lands, village property, oil production, gas lands, store, factory, or any other live property? If you do you need our selling service. We have sold hundreds of properties. We can sell yours—if it has real value for the price. Write or telephone.

HERRICK AGENCY,
Bolivar, N. Y.
We Bring Buyer and Seller together.

Herrick Agency,

BOLIVAR, N. Y.

WANTED.

Ladies wishing to avoid the Hot stove and over heated house, and at same time reduce the Gas Bill to call at Means Hardware and see the Jewel Flat Iron.

Administrator's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that letters of administration in the Estate of James A. Hall, late of Smethport Borough, McKean County, Pa., deceased, have been granted to Sheridan Gorton. All persons having claims against said Estate and the Estate of Sarah A. Hall will present them duly verified, and all persons indebted to said Estates will pay same to

SHERIDAN GORTON,
Administrator.
Smethport, Pa., April 19, 1910.

Found.

A pocket book containing a sum of money, near postoffice. Owner can have property by calling at postoffice, identifying same and paying for this notice.

SPRING

IS THE TIME

to put in that bath room. I have in stock a fine line of fixtures for bath rooms.

Call and look them over. Low in price but high in quality.

Estimates cheerfully given free of charge

E. W. STRONG

PERFECTION IN LAUNDRY WORK

Appeals most strongly to the Up-to-date Launderer who realizes that the high qualities of his work is the best business getter he can employ.

To get new Customers and to hold old Customers, give them High Grade Work, which is essentially attractive to the one who wears it. Our work is the best that can be produced with long experienced and skilled labor.

WE AIM TO PLEASE

Our customers speak of the satisfaction obtained at

CITY STEAM LAUNDRY
"THE QUALITY LAUNDRY"
J. E. ELLIS, Prop.
27-29 Pine Street, Bradford, Pa.
E. O. GASKINS, Local Agent.

THE DUNBAR AGENCY

VOLNEY F. DUNBAR

You can get all kinds of up-to-date Magazines, Ladies Style Books. Writings of Mrs. Georgie Sheldon. Frank Merriwill's Medal Library. Nick Carter's Magnet Library, and many others too numerous to mention.

Stationery, Garden Seeds, Cigars and notions.

—AT—

DUNBAR'S AGENCY,
Crosby, McKean Co. Pa.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

BOTTOM RATES BEST SERVICE.

There is no argument about the magnitude of our field o. the superior quality of our out-of town service. These points are conceded.

ABOT RATES—Ask "Toll Operator" and convince yourself that our RATES are BOTTOM RATES.

USE THE BELL

New York Telephone Co.

Bell System.

You Cannot be sure of Satisfactory Clothes

Unless you are Sure of the fabircs

They are Made of

"SHACKAMAXON"

Guaranteed Fabrics for Men's Wear. Thoroughly Shrunk.

Made only for merchant tailors. No fabrics made anywhere are more perfect in finish, in wearing qualities, or in color.

Every thread is pure wool.

If any fault develops in any Shackamaxon fabric, no matter how long you have worn it—write to us and we will make it good.

J. R. Kein & Co.,
Shackamaxon Mills, Philadelphia, Pa.

We handle and guarantee the above.
See Saturday Evening Post of April 30, 1910.

H. W. Rubin,

Smethport, Pa.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Bulletin.

JUNE ON THE GREAT LAKES.

Restful, delightful interesting, and instructive, there is no trip like that on the Great Lakes, those inland seas which form the border line between the United States and Canada.

And June is one of the most charming months in the year in which to take the trip.

For comfort the fine passenger steamships of the Anchor Line have no superiors. As well-appointed as the palatial ocean grey hounds which pow the atlantic, their schedule allows sufficient time at a stopping place to enable the traveler to see something of the great lake cities and to view in daylight the most distinctive sights of the lakes, and the scenery which frames them.

The trip through the Detroit River, and through Lake St. Clair, with its great ship canal in the middle of the lake, thence through Lake Huron, the locking of the steamer through the great locks at he Soo, and the passage of the Portage Entry, lake and canal, across the upper end of Michigan are novel and interesting features.

The voyage from Buffalo to Duluth covers over eleven hundred miles in the five days' journey. Leaving Buffalo, the steamships Juniata, Tionesta and Octorara, make stops at Erie, Cleveland, Detroit, Mackinac Island, the Soo, Marquette, Houghton and Hancock, and Duluth.

The 1910 season opened on May 31, when the Steamer Tionesta made her first sailing from Buffalo.

The Anchor Line is the Great Lake Annex of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and the service measures up to the high standard set by the "Standard Railroad of America."

An illustrated folder, giving sailing rates of steamers, rates of fare, and other information is in course of preparation and may be obtained when ready from any Pennsylvania Railroad Ticket Agent, who is also prepared to book passengers who may desire to take this trip through the Great Lakes and back.

THE FINE ARTS IN BAKING

are shown to advantage in our attractive display in Spring offerings in fancy cakes and pastries, and what is of equal if not of greater importance, our goods taste even better than they look. If you are not acquainted with us and our baking it will surely pay you to call and examine our output and give our goods a trial.

PICKERSGILL'S BAKERY
Main Street.

Mail Trains are Always Running

and ready to carry your deposits to the Pittsburgh Bank for Savings. Many depositors never visit the bank. We are heartily glad to see all who come, and glad to receive by mail the business of those who can not come in person. We have depositors in all parts of the world who get FOUR PER CENT on their savings and are relieved of all worry.

PITTSBURGH BANK FOR SAVINGS
4th AVE and SMITHFIELD ST.
PITTSBURGH PA.
ASSETS OVER 16 MILLION DOLLARS

Write for Booklet CM.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St F. H. Hungiville, SMETHPORT

The Lindholm Company,

McCalls Patterns.

July Fashion Books 5c

Saturday night at 10 p. m. will bring to close one of the most Successful Sales this store has had for many years. Come and take advantage of the low prices for the remainder of this week.

HAMMOCKS

We have just unpacked a beautiful line of Hammocks, ranging in prices from $1.00 to $10.00 each. Look over our selection before purchasing elsewhere and you will be surprised at the low prices.

The Lindholm Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

The Benefits of Modern Plumbing.

One of the most generally approved ideas of modern plumbing is that of installing one-piece lavatories supplied with hot and cold running water in the sleeping apartments and dressing chambers of the individual members of the household.

The benefits derived from this arrangement will not only be found necessary to modern living, but also prove a source of convenience and comfort to the occupants.

Send for a copy of booklet "Modern Lavatories," which shows the complete line of "Standard" One-piece Lavatories with approximate prices in detail.

Daly & Garlick

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, June 9, 1910.

Local and General.

—Kane will celebrate the Fourth of July.

—Bolivar will celebrate the Fourth of July.

—Pike street is undergoing extensive repairs.

—Mrs. J. S. Walker entertained the Bridge Whist Club Saturday.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Rex Stark, on Thursday, June 2, 1910, a baby boy.

—The Bell elephone company has a new advertisemnt in anothr column.

—Mrs. W. L. Hammer entertained a few friends at bridge whist Monday evening.

—Th McKean County Editorial Association will meet in Smethport on Tuesday next.

—Mrs. Thomas H. Morrison entertained a number of ladies at Bridge Whist last Thursday afternoon.

—The early closing movement went into effect at local business places Monday.

—If your boy needs a suit we advise you to read Monheimer's advertisement.

—Alpha, the little son of Mr. and Ms. A. W. Colegrove is confined to the home of his parents on Main street, seriously ill.

—The laides of St. Elizabeth's church will give a cooked food sale at Mrs. Bisset's store on Saturday afternoon, commencing at 3 o'clock.

—It is understood that the Smethpot Window Glass factory will shut down Saturday for the purpose of making some needed repairs on the tank.

—Edwin Whitelaw, the clerk at Chadwick's pharmacy, had the misfortune Monday to get the middle finger of his right hand caught in the door of a safe, crushing the member quite badly.

—St. Luke's Guild held a picnic at Frog Camp yesterday. Luncheon was served at noon and an excellent supper served at six. All report a delightful time.

—A Shawmut work train has been stationed in Smethport during the past week and will remain here for a time. The train is repairing the right of way of the railroad in this sction.

—The supervisors of Keating township ought to have a medal in the way they have fixed up the road from Smethport to the top of Bush Hill. Far and away the best we have ever seen it in twenty years. Now let the Liberty township officials do as well and we'll have a good road to the county seat.—Potr Allegany Reporter.

—The Potter County Automobile & Road Drivers' Association is a recently formed organization in that county. The purpose of the organization is to secure better roads. A like association in McKean county might be a good thing.

—Frank Dunbar who has been located in Bogahisa, La., for several months past returned home Tuseday. Mr. Dunbar has many interesting experiences to tell, but is not a bit impressed with the possibilities in this "rip roaring" lumber town.

—L. E. Carpenter, U. S. A., is spending a furlough of four months with relatives and friends in this vicinity. Mr. Carpenter who is in the artillery branch of the service, is stationed at Fort Riley, Kans., and is serving his tenth year of enlistment.

—The Travellers' Club will have charge of the patriotic exercises to be held at th court house in this borough in connection with the observance of July 4th. It is the intention, among other things, to have a chorus of 100 children take part in the carrying out of the program.

—Large three-sheet posters advertising the fourth of July celebration in Smethport have been gotten out during the past week and will be posted throughout this section. Smaller bills and programs will be gotten out in the near future and if Smethport does not draw a crowd on this bg day it will not be because the event was not sufficiently advertised.

—S. R. Lindsley received a message from Kane Monday apprising him of the illness of Mrs. Lindsley who has been visiting in that place for over a week past. Mr. Lindsley left for Kane Monday evening and returned home Tuesday. Mrs. Lindsley was suddenly stricken Saturday and while her condition is not serious it will be impossible for her to return home for several days.

—The local ball tossers are getting into condition for the Fourth of July, when they will meet some team from this vicinity. Most of the old warhorses are to be back in the game, after an absence of several seasons and they are all showing fine form. Fuller will, probably do the twirling for the team on this day. He is showing the speed of his palmy days and the team that defeats the local nine will have to step some.

—A. J. Staub, one of the largest jobbers at the new Goodyear lumber job at the headwaters of Potato creek, is a visitor in town to-day. M. Staub has followed the lumber business the better part of his life and what he doesn't know about the business isn't worth knowing. He has been nuusually successful in the business and is in on the graund floor at the scene of the new Goodyear operations.

—With his neck broken and supporting it with both hands to keep it from falling limp onto his shoulders, Elmer Grove, 25 years old, walked home with the assistance of two companions after he had fallen fro mia street car in Pittsburgh Tuesday. When taken to a hospital hetr the physicians said the man might live, although the spinal column was broken near the base of the skull. An operation will be performed to remove pieces of broken bone.

—The annual convention of the McKean County Sunday School Association will convene in the 1st Baptist church at Kane, June 21 and 22. The Association is an inter-denominational gathering of Sunday school workers and is growing in interest and helpfullness and attendance every year. There will be several noted speakers in attendance at Kane and every Sunday school should have their full number of delegates present.

—A New York dispatch of June 7th says: Paul Lagne, forty-eight years old, of Philadelphia, showed up at the City Hall to-day with the statement that he had broken the Weston's record of walking from Santa Monica, California, in sixty-eight days, Sunday's included. Lange said that he had walked from Atlantic City to San Francisco first, leaving the former on September 14 last and arriving at the Golden Gate port on December 22. After a rest, he said, he had started from Santa Monica, on March 23. The mayor's scertary gave Lange a letter stating that he was in New York's city hall on June 7.

—Jonsenitis Jenson, a fireman on the B., R. & P. railroad was killed at Howard Junction, near Bradford, last evening. Jenson was in the act of adjusting the rear light on the tender of his engine, which was standing on a side track. The engineer did not know that the man was in danger and backed the engne up and Jenson was caught under the wheels and both legs run over at the thighs, while he was otherwise badly injured. He was hurried to Bradford and taken to the hospital where he lived but a short time. Jenson was a man who was very popular with the employees of the railroad. He was about 31 years of age.

—From a letter received from Shiel B. Sawyer, formerly of this borough, but who, for several years past has been holding a position on the D. & S. railroad, with headquarters at Galeton, it is learned that he is now located in San Marcial, N. Mex. Mr. Sawyer went to that place the 12th of last month and took the examination for conductor on the Santa Fe railroad. He passed the examination successfully and is now running a freight train on that road from San Marcial to Aberque, San Marcial to Deming and San Marcial to El Paso, Texas, covering three divisions. Mr. Sawyer states in his letter that the thermometer is registering 95 degrees in the shade in that territory.

—Mrs. Mary Pelton of this place who was suddenly stricken with appoplexy on the street in Buffalo a week ago last Saturday and was taken to the Emergency hospital, that city, in a most precarious condition. Mrs. Pelton rallied nicely at first from the shock and it was thought that she had a good chance for recovery. Her daughter, Mrs. F. H. Hungiville, of this borough who had been at her mother's bedside since she was first stricken returned home Saturday, but the aged lady's condition has since been growing steadily worse, and Mrs. Hungiville returned to Buffalo yesterday. It is said that there is no chance for Mrs. Pelton's recovery, all of which will be received with deep regret by the many friends of this estimable lady.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Mrs. G. W. King visited Olean friends last week.

Warley Gifford left Monday for a visit in Chicago.

T. L. Sartwell of Eldred did jury duty this week.

E. S. Carpenter of Larabee was doing jury duty this week.

Dr. T. L. Sartwell, Jr., of Bradford attended court this week.

Hon. R. P. Habgood of Bradford is a visitor in town to-day.

L. J. Reznor of Port Allegany was a visitor in town last evening.

Rev. J. H. McCandless left on Saturday for a visit in Pittsburgh.

Jesse Cosper of Oil City has been spending a few days with his mother.

The Rev. W. A. Haris was in Olean on Monday attending the Ministers' Club.

Mrs. R. A. Stewart of Seattle, Wash., is a guest of Mrs. L. K. Hogarth.

Miss Lillian Haner of Lebanon is visiting Mrs. G. W. King for two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Pomeroy of Port Allegany were visitors in town yesterday.

Mrs. H. W. Roeder of Farmers Valley was the guest of Mrs. W. B. Hopper Tuesday.

Mrs. L. Powell of Bradford was the guest of her daughter, Mrs. L. K. Hogarth Saturday.

Miss Roxie King returns to-day from Allentown where she is in training for a nurse.

County Auditor A. R. Anderson of Clermont was a business visitor in town this week.

Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Young returned Saturday from a visit to Boston and Washington.

Miss Rhea Wallace of Port Allegany was the guest of Miss Rita Gorton over Sunday.

S. F. Redfield is in St. Louis attending the convention of the American Woman's League.

Miss Ruth Healy of Port Allegany was a guest of Miss Rita Gorton the forepart of the week.

Misses Margaret and May Howe of Instanter are guests of their uncle, George Howe, and family.

Dr. W. A. Ostrander returned the forepart of this week from a several days' visit in Philadelphia.

C. S. King of Port Allegany served on the grand jury this week and renewed old acquaintances in town.

Albert Carter of Sioux City, Neb., is in town; being called here by the illness of his neice, Mrs. C. W. Dickenson.

Mrs. William Hafner returned home Saturday from a three weeks' visit with her daughter, Mrs. H. F. Grabe, of Austin.

Alfred Bush, who has been attending school in Altoona, Pa., returned home Tuesday evening for a visit with his parents.

Walter A. Metcalf left for Rochester, N. Y., on Tuesday afternoon. He will spend the summer in Rochester and in his father's cottage on Keuka Lake.

Miss Alice Barry returned to her home in Coleville on Wednesday last, after spending the winter with her sister, Mrs. Leo L. Herzog and attending high school.

Mrs. W. A. Harris left this morning for Wellsville, N. Y., where she will attend a missionary meeting on Friday and from there she will go to Candor, N. Y., where she will spend some time with her people.

The Rev. H. A. Reed pastor of the Methodist church in Port Allegany for several years but now located at Boothbay Harbor, Maine, is visiting at Port Allegany and other points about here.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Thornton of Smethport, who have been in town owing to the illness of the former's mother, Ms. Thornton of South Kendall avenue, have returned home.—Bradford Star-Record, Friday.

Misses Zela Brasted and Ruth Holmes returned home Tuesday evening from New Bethlehem where they have been attending Bishop Thorpe school. Miss Holmes has graduated in music from that institution.

New Spring Millinery.

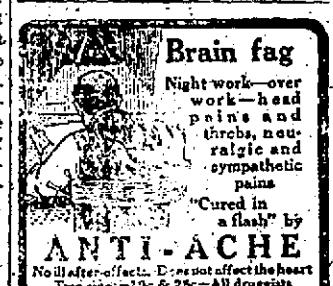
Never was my line of new spring trimmed and pattern hats more complete nor the styles more beautiful. A visit to my store will put you in touch with the latest styles for spring and summer.

CARRIE CLARK.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertiliser. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES, Liveryman.



Brain fag

Night work—over work—head pains and throbs, neuralgic and sympathetic pains

"Cured in a flash" by

ANTI-ACHE

No ill after-effects. Does not affect the heart

Two sizes—10c & 25c—All druggists

Wayne Chemical Co., Clarion, Pa.

WM. MONHEIMER.

A Sale

Of BOYS SUITS

Ages from 4 to 16

You Save

from $1.50 to $3.50 if you buy now

Up-To-Date Suits

that were $3.00 to $6.25 will be sold from $1.75 to $3.25.

Now! is the time to Buy!!

MONHEIMER'S

Home Journal Patterns. Monarch Shirts.

Fry & Comes.

A CHINA SALE FRIDAY MORNING 10 O'CLOCK CHOICE 7c Each

On Friday morning at 10 o'clock we will place on sale an exceptional bargain in China comprising 310 pieces—Cups and Saucers, Plates, Oatmeal dishes, Salads, Celery trays, Olives, Tooth pick vases, Tea pot stands, etc.—Cups and Saucers count two pieces. This is an opportunity you cannot afford to miss—its a chance that will not occur again in many a day. To be sure you can always get all the china you want but this is china than you'll want as soon as you see it and the prices about half the usual cost

They will be in the window until Thursday p. m. None will be reserved—None sold before the time specified—Everyone will have an equal chance.

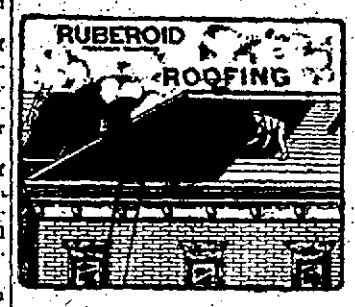
Cash Only—No Charging

Choice 7c each

FRY & COMES

Smethport, - - Penna.

WHY



are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

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Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamped on the under side of the material every four feet.

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LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

GOOD RESOLUTION FOR 1910.

You have probably made several good resolutions for this year but its not to late to make another—one that will promote the welfare of both yourself and your family.

Resolve to buy Drugs and Drug Store Goods at OUR Store.

You'll find that a very easy resolution to keep. After once learning how carefully we guard customers' interests you will doubtless be willing to go even out of your way to trade here. Goods of higher quality than we carry are not obtainable, and our service is one we are sure you'll appreciate. Quality considered, no one can sell at lower prices. May we serve you this year? Respectfully,

WELLS' DRUG STORE

EDISON Phonograph as HOME ENTERTAINER.

It affords pleasure at all times to both young and old, and no home is complete without one. Our stock of records is the largest in the city and is of endless variety, of over Five Thousand selections.

Our "Easy payment Plan" makes it possible for any family to own one of these wonderful entertainers.

It brightens the home and brings happiness to both young and old.

Edison Phonographs $15.00 and up.
" Amberole records 50c each,
" Standard " 35c "
Catalogue free upon request.
Come in and let us explain our "Easy payment Plan."

Palace Pharmacy,

Headquarters for Talking Machines, records and supplies.

EVERYTHING THE MARKET AFFORDS

In Fruits Vegetables and Fancy Groceries. Special attention give orders fo Dinner Parties, etc.

F. W. BROWNELL,

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

The Making of Lenses.

The essential part of any device for the study of the starry, millions—the suns, planets, comets and the nebulae that are perhaps new worlds in the making—is the lens or the optical train that consists of a series of lenses. It is this that makes the modern science of astronomy possible. There is absolutely no other human occupation that requires the accuracy of observation and the delicacy of touch that are requisite for the making of the finest lenses. These are the most perfect products of human hands. It may convey some idea of the labor required in the making of a large lens to say that at least one year's time is required for the grinding and polishing of a thirty inch object glass. A little lens two inches in diameter requires the unremitting care and attention of a skilled workman for two or three days. It is easy, then, to see why it is that even lenses of high class photographic work are costly. A forty inch object glass for a large telescope cannot be made in much less than four years' time, and if everything does not go just right it may require much longer than that.—Kansas City Star.

Persian Jests.

An exceedingly ugly man, says the Persian Joe Miller, was once in the mosque, asking pardon of Allah for his sins and praying to be delivered from the fires of hell. One who overheard his prayers said to him: "Wherefore, O friend, wouldst thou cheat hell of such a countenance? Art thou reluctant to burn up a face like that?"

Another story the Persian jester tells is that a certain person with a hideous nose was once on a time wooing a woman. Describing himself to her and trying to make an attractive picture, he said, "I am a man devoid of lightness and frivolity, and I am patient in bearing afflictions!"

"Aye," said the woman, "Wert thou not patient in bearing afflictions thou hadst never endured thy nose these forty years!"

All of which is more witty than kind.—Harper's.

Bohemians and Wedding Rings.

"Here are two wedding rings that I have just made over," said the jeweler. "They are for Bohemian women. They lost their own rings, so they had their husbands' rings cut down to fit. That is a custom in their country. Both husband and wife wear wedding rings there. If the man loses his ring he has to buy a new one, but if the woman loses hers she wears her husband's. I do a good deal of that kind of work. Other women who lose wedding rings just buy another one and say nothing about it, but these women are too conscientious for that. Usually I have to make the man's ring smaller, but once in awhile it has to be spliced to make it fit. The women are always considerably chagrined over the splicing and offer all kinds of explanations to account for their big fingers."—New York Sun.

The Roulette Ball.

That capricious little ball that decides our fortunes at the ever fascinating game of roulette at Monte Carlo occasionally flies from the skillful croupier's hand, though not often. One afternoon it slipped from its manipulator's fingers and found its way into an Englishman's coat pocket. So impressed was the Englishman that he promptly lost a couple of hundred pounds. But the little ball once found a far stranger destination than that. Escaping from the croupier's hand, it flew straight into the mouth of a German onlooker, and he was so impressed that he promptly swallowed it.—London Bystander.

Tea in Paraguay.

When the natives of Paraguay drink tea they do not pour it from a teapot into a cup, but fill a gobiet made out of a pumpkin or gourd and then suck up the hot liquid through a long reed. Moreover, the tea which they use is altogether different from that which comes from China, being made out of dried and roasted leaves of a palm-like plant which grows in Paraguay and southern Brazil. The natives say that this tea is an excellent remedy for fever and rheumatism.

Sparrowgrass.

It is stated that a well known riddle was written by a costermonger. The riddle in question is a charade and runs as follows:

My first's a little bird as pops;
My second's needful in ay crops;
My ole is good with mutton chops.

The answer, of course, is "sparrow grass," which the learned Dr. Parr always insisted on using in preference to the politer "asparagus."—London Notes and Queries.

A Real Poet.

"Poetry," said the literary girl, "is the art of expressing intense feeling in figurative speech."

"In that case," replied Miss Cayenne, "the man who writes baseball news is sure a poet."—Washington Star.

She Wanted to Know.

Bridegroom—Now that we are married, darling, we must have no more secrets from each other. Bride—Then *tell me truly, Jack, how much did you* really pay for that engagement ring? —Illustrated Bits.

She Was Numerous.

"I want a license to marry the best girl in the world," said the young man.

"Funny, isn't it?" commented the clerk. "That makes 1,300 licenses for that girl this season."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

I do not know of any way so sure of making others happy as of being so oneself.—Sir Arthur Helps.

No Wonder.

The ancients thought the world was flat.
I'm really not surprised at that,
We'd find it flat, I dare to say,
If we were living in their day.
Just think, they had no autos then,
No show girls to delight the men,
No pipes to smoke and no cigars,
No cocktails served at handsome bars,
No bridge to play and no pink teas,
No liners speeding o'er the seas,
No yellow journals and no flats,
No women's monstrous picture hats,
No tariff problem to attack,
No gowns that button up the back,
No end seat hogs with manners rude,
No monkeying with the price of food,
No ice bills—no cold storage eggs,
No bunko steerers and no fakirs,
No trolley cars with clang and whir,
No Teddy to keep things astir—
Say, is it any wonder that
The ancients thought the world was flat?
—Boston Transcript.

Worthy of Support.

Mr. Greathead—I shall run for re-election again next fall, and I presume I shall have your vote?

Citizen (dubiously)—Well—I—dunno.

"What, you don't know? Why, sir, I saved the taxpayers $500,000 this year."

"Eh? How?"

"By not stealing it, of course."—New York Weekly.

Fishing Today.

The boy with pole and string and pin,
The expert with his book of flies,
Are watching for the flash of fin
Along the streams where shadow lies.
Bites may not come to him who tries
Ever so hard, but still we say
With radiant sparkle in our eyes,
"The fishing season starts today."

We'll hear the same old tales again
About the one "I almost got.
I had him in the boat, and then
He left me. Lord, but it was hot!"
Long hours of sitting at a spot
Where once a big one got away,
Of tramping over field and lot—
The fishing season starts today.
—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

A Dead Shot on Livers.

"I hear, doctor, that my friend Brown, whom you have been treating so long for liver trouble, has died of stomach trouble," said one of the physician's patients.

"Don't you believe all you hear," replied the doctor. "When I treat a man for liver trouble he dies of liver trouble."—Everybody's Magazine.

Triumphant Optimism.

Sister's eloped with the "shuvver."
She might have married a count.
They have just trimmed her father in
Wall street—
Took an enormous amount.

Mother is in the hospital.
Tomorrow they operate.
Brother's been fired from college
For breaking a freshman's pate.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Worst He Knew.

The Butler—You know, George, that different people have different conceptions of what the state of eternal punishment really is. Now, what's your idea of hell?

The Chauffeur—Having to drive a horse car for a living!—Exchange.

The Burglar's Waterloo.

The burglar cold slipped under the bed,
As burglars bold will do.
He folded his feet and tucked in his head
And waited an hour or two.
At last she came—by all the stars,
That burglar will never forget!
She mauled him and placed him behind the bars,
For she was a suffragette.
—Judge's Library.

A Suspicion.

"What is a political rainbow chaser?"

"There are various kinds," replied Senator Sorghum, "although I suspect that most of them are more or less influenced by the legend that every rainbow has a pot of gold at the end of it."—Washington Star.

Chanticleer.

Sally flaunts him from a hatpin,
His on Willie's tennis ball,
Mother sports him as a shoe clasp,
Jennie on her parasol.

Daisy hangs him to her neck chain;
From him Mary takes her tea,
For Augustus he's a pipe bowl,
But I choose him fricassee.
—New York Times.

For the Asking.

"Pardon me, governor," beg.... the interviewer, "I"—

"Certainly, certainly," rep.... the Tennessee executive, reaching for a blank. "What are you guilty of?"—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Man's Inconsistency.

Men seek to wed their opposites,
But you'll notice, just the same,
That after one is dealt a hand
In the matrimonial game
The chances of his better half
To please him are quite slim
If, perchance, his love grows cold
And she makes it hot for him.
—Chicago News.

The Latest.

"Nice car."

"Yes."

"Is it the latest thing in cars?"

"I guess so; it has never got me anywhere on time yet."—Houston Post.

Her Love.

"Now, do you love your neighbor well?"
I asked a fair and charming one.
"Not much," she said, "the truth to tell,
But, oh, I love my neighbor's son!"
—Detroit Free Press.

His Descent.

Mrs. Gabbie (to her new washerwoman)—My husband has descended from one of the finest houses in the land.

Mrs. Mulcahy—An' phwat is he, a hod carrier?—Boston Transcript.

Don't Worry.

Can't stop the world from rolling,
So keep a quiet soul.
Although you're standing in the way,
It's bound to roll and roll.
—Atlanta Constitution.

A Combat.

"Terrible affair at the club lawst evening."

"What happened?"

"Cholly struck Ferdy with a tablespoon."—Kansas City Journal.

THE U...

Did You Ever Hear the Fans Cheer Him For It...

There is one unique phase connected with the life of the umpire which perhaps has never occurred to most lovers of baseball. You have often been to a theater and seen the hero or heroine—yes, even the villain—win round after round of applause for some excellent bit of acting.

You have been to a football game and heard some ball gladiator cheered to the echo for making a long run that resulted in a touchdown or for a flying tackle that prevented imminent defeat. When some player is injured they convey their sympathy to him by cheering his name.

You have been to a ball game and heard the fans cheer some crack pitcher because in a pinch he fanned some mighty batter. It's just the natural way of the American to show admiration and appreciation.

Rack your brain, think your hard est, recall every game you have ever attended, then see if you can remember a time when the umpire drew applause for his work. Have you ever heard the fans cheer the name of the umpire after he has worked a fifteen inning game which fairly bristled with close and unusual plays and got away without a kick? If you can recall such an incident, just dot it down in your notebook that you were present at a very, very unusual happening.

Do they cheer the umpire's name when he stops a foul tip with his shin or has a swift shoot bounced off his mask? Yes, they do—not. Any injury to the umpire usually gets a round of derisive laughter from the crowd. Generally, if he has been going bad, some leather lunged individual requests that he be killed or chloroformed. Of course there are many people in the stands who sympathize with the umpire. Their sympathy is usually silence. That isn't much balm to his injury or feelings.

Applause would sound so strange to an umpire's ears that he would probably become so thoroughly frightened he would jump the back fence.—Billy Evans in New York Tribune.

THE TELESCOPE.

Galilei's Rude Instrument the First Used in Astronomy.

The first telescope was pointed toward the sky on Jan. 7, 1610, when Galilei first tried his rude instrument, and was rewarded by discovering some of the moons of Jupiter. No great magnifying power was needed for this, as at least one of the moons is large enough to be seen by the naked eye did not the nearness of the brilliant planet prevent this. Lenses had been known for a long time and were at that time in common use by near-sighted persons.

The name of the real discoverer of the telescope seems to be unknown, but the accepted story now is that two young sons of a Middelburg optician named Lippersley some time between 1605 and 1608, while playing with some lenses happened to hold two of them at a distance from each other and were surprised and delighted to find that the weather vane on a neighboring tower seemed to come near them when looked at through the two lenses. In April, 1609, a little telescope made in Holland was offered for sale in Paris.

The next month Galilei, then a professor in the university at Padua, heard of this instrument and realized at once its importance in the study of astronomy. From the description of the Dutch instrument he had one made at once, and in August he astounded the people of Venice by showing them from the top of the campanile persons entering the doors of the church at Murano. This spyglass was less than two inches in diameter and magnified three times. From this crude instrument of Galilei to the monster telescopes forty inches in diameter of the present day is the development of only three centuries.—Argonaut.

An Interruption.

Among the primary pupils enrolled in a Baltimore school is the son of a prominent business man of that city, says Harper's Magazine. One afternoon at close of school the youngster sought out his father in his office, to whom he said:

"Dad, I'm getting tired of school. I think I'll quit."

"Why," asked the astonished parent, "what's the matter, Tommy? I thought you were fond of going to school."

"So I am, dad," responded the youngster, suppressing a yawn, "but it breaks up the day so."

His Opening Break.

A congressman had returned to his constituency to deliver a carefully prepared address. The day arrived, and, loosening the first button of his Prince Albert, he uttered his carefully prepared preliatory remarks, and to this day he cannot understand the ripple of laughter which swept over his audience when he uttered his opening sentence. "Before I begin to speak to you I desire to say something." He said it.—Kansas City Star.

On the Way.

"I understand that you owe everything to your wife," said the tactless relative.

"No," answered Mr. Meekton, "but I will if I don't stop playing bridge with her and her mother."

Her Slip.

He—Do you think if I were to kiss you your dog would bite me? She—Well—er—he's never done it to any one before.

"My God! How do you live?"

"Don't live—exist."

"Any hope of escape?"

"None whatever."

"The imperial 'government'"— began Ryder suddenly, when the Englishman interrupted.—

"The imperial government knows nothing about the matter. The whole rascally affair is in the hands of a clique of highborn scoundrels. Resolve to make yourself as comfortable as possible under the circumstances—resign yourself to losing your ears if you ever should escape one can buy lovely pink rubber ones, I fancy) and hope for a change of rulers. Nothing else will cause excitement enough to have our existence forgotten. Good-night!"

Stone calmly stretched himself on the floor and went to sleep. Ryder sat and brooded at the bronze lantern flickering in the distance. His hand still caressed the butt of his revolver, but with less confidence.

New York seemed many thousands of miles away tonight—New York and alluring Lena Shultz. He cursed her under his breath and wondered how many more men she would throw as bait into that hidden city in the hope that one or all of them might aid in the escape of her husband.

There was an audible murmur of sound without the thick walls, pierced by sharp staccato cries. The thud of many pounding feet sounded in the courtyards above their heads, and in an instant the six sleeping prisoners were awake and on the alert. The Latins gabbled French to one another, while Stone and Ryder drew near to an iron grating in the stone roof.

The American could make nothing of the strange sounds, but the Englishman's face lighted with sudden excitement.

"By Jove," he whispered exultantly, "you're brought good luck after all, Ryder! Something extraordinary has happened, from what I can hear—a change of government indeed! Two deaths and chaos everywhere. Time for us to make a move, and disguises are in order."

He swooped to a dark corner and pried up a portion of the stone flagging. He brought into view a mass of silk and satin. He threw rich garments to each of his fellow prisoners, and without a word they slipped into the voluminous folds.

"Doubly a thief," muttered Stone as he surveyed his companions. Then he caught up one remaining robe and thrust it under his arm. "See if we can release Lena's husband, poor devil! We owe her a grudge, sure enough, but white men must stand by one another!"

With the air of one who had studied his ground and was well versed in his undertaking, he unfastened the oaken door and by the guiding sound of his slipping, padding feet the six followed him into the outer darkness of corridors. They twisted and turned and doubled, and at last Stone paused before another door.

"I don't know just how to get inside," he admitted in a low tone. But the pressure of his hand on the planks pushed the door inward and revealed to their shocked senses a scene of carnage indeed. With the details omitted, they realized that Lena's husband was dead, with his precious secret still a mystery behind his horribly grinning lips.

"The syndicate has done well in, deed," said Stone, turning away. Silently they filed through the passages until they reached the foot of the grass grown steps where Ryder had left the outside world behind. "It is here where the guard is set. Look for danger, friends," whispered the Englishman.

The shadows were uninhabited. They slipped up into the grove of whispering trees and followed the curve of the shining wall around to the seventh gate.

"Once outside!" muttered Stone feverishly.

"Once outside!" each man repeated in his own tongue.

In the distance were muffled cries and excited murmurings. Around the seventh gate all was still—ominously still.

The seven were pressed against the bronze gate, and Stone was fumbling with the complicated lock. There was a rustling sound behind them, and they turned their heads.

A file of soldiers was running toward them, and their short swords were raised in deadly menace. Stone pulled the door open and dashed forth with his companions into pitchy blackness. They crashed into a sedan chair just entering the gateway. A woman's scream pierced the darkness, and from the tower overhead the watchman thrust his lantern.

A white face appeared for a brief instant between the parted curtains of the chair.

"Lena Shultz!" bellowed Ryder excitedly.

With one accord the seven victims of Lena Shultz ignored the oncoming soldiers, and, shouldering the bearers aside, they grasped the poles of the chair and carried the shrieking woman away from the seventh gate—away from the Forbidden City beyond the outer darkness to the lighted consulate buildings—to safety for all.

The next day Ryder and Stone left for the nearest treaty port. "A fifth story studio and paint pots for the rest of my life. I'll take my foreign travel book fashion hereafter," said Ryder sheepishly to his companion as they whirled along the railway. "What's your first wish, Stone?"

The Englishman touched a matted wig which hung well down over the lapel of his coat.

"Pink rubber ears," he said solemnly.

And neither laughed.

The Seventh Gate

A Story of the Chinese Forbidden City.

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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Owen Ryder left the train at the terminus several miles outside the walls of Peking and covered the remaining distance toward the city gate on the back of a donkey.

As he approached the seventh gate he paused for an instant. He had come on a journey of thousands of miles to accomplish a mission, and now that the object of his search was almost within his grasp he hesitated.

Fear had no part in his hesitation. He was comparatively safe in the disguise afforded by his Chinese dress—as safe as any native Chinese who wished to gain admission to the Forbidden City.

Then, with quick indrawn breath, he moved into the deeper shadow of the gate. As his hands touched the bronze doors they swung softly inward and engulfed him.

A dark shadow loomed at his side and, without a sound, guided him close against the inner wall in a curving line. They came to an abrupt stop in a grove of trees whose tops rustled high over their heads. Before them were the dim outline and milky mass of some huge building.

At last a door closed softly behind them, the hands were removed from Ryder's lips and arm, and presently a light twinkled out of the gloom.

The American turned to look at his companion, who had withdrawn the cover from a small bronze lantern and stood revealed in its dim light.

Ryder stared and stared again at the tall, spare figure that confronted him. This was no Chinese—this man with deep sunken blue eyes and wisps of fair hair sticking out from under the cue bound about his forehead. Owen Ryder's wondering gaze traveled over the yellowed skin drawn tightly over the protruding cheek bones, down to the handsome nose and bitter, curling lips, down to the common blue cotton Chinese dress and then up again with puzzled eyes to study the face with *something lacking—something—what?*

The man laughed silently as he lifted his bony hands to each side of his head. "You miss these appendages, my friend. I have been cropped, you see." His voice was low and vibrant with some suppressed emotion.

Ryder gasped. "Your ears—my God!" He felt within his blouse for the comfortable reassurance of his revolver, and his fingers curled about the butt lovingly.

"Your ears next, my friend, and the ears of all who pass through the seventh gate inward," said the stranger, with assumed lightness. He turned and, pointed to the wall behind him, and Ryder gasped again to see a line of dark figures stretched along the floor.

"Earless freaks," said the tall stranger, with sudden dreariness in his mocking tone. "Sit down on the floor, man, and tell your story—nay, let me preface it for you and for me and the rest of us—white men!"

"Go ahead," said Ryder.

"You are an artist of some sort. You have learned that these people have recovered their lost art of producing Kiastic porcelain, that rare painting of invisible flowers, fishes or other symbols on the outside of porcelain vessels, paintings that are only revealed when the vessel is filled with liquor of some sort. The discoverer of this lost and precious art is confined to his workshop in the palace here. The retention of the secret means the addition of large sums of money to this country; hence they guard it carefully. You were put on to the secret, you have come to spy it out, you have reached as far as"—

"I had a model"—began Ryder eagerly, when the other man's low laugh cut him short.

"What is your name?"

"I am Edward Stone, an Englishman. I had a model, too, and so did each of these five other poor earless devils. It was the same model. One by one she sent us here as she sent you. It could have been no one else but Lena Shultz."

"It was Lena Shultz," returned Ryder dully.

"I knew it. The man who discovered the lost art is not a native. To what country he belongs I do not know. I do know that he made the discovery and was captured with his belongings and is confined within three feet of where we now are. All day he works in the underground cell perfecting his discovery, for in spite of the most violent threats he will not impart the secret to another soul or work in another man's presence."

"But why did that woman send us here—on a wild goose chase?" muttered Ryder after a silence.

"Yonder poor devil is her husband. She hopes with the aid of other white men to help him escape from here. I was the first to come. I arrived at 9 in the evening. Now it is my duty to open the gate at 9 every evening in the hope of catching other would be thieves. Set a thief to catch a thief, you know!" He uttered a hard little laugh.

"I suppose that's what we are," agreed Ryder.

"That's so."

"How long have you been here?"

"Four years."

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Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
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F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 288, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 8:45 o'clock p.m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.
RALPH B. BURDICK, W. M.
W. L. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 289, meets Friday evening at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
MARTIN CARLSON, N. G.
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Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and Third Thursdays in each month, in Odd Fellows' Hall.
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I. O. R. M.—Meets every other Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree every 1st Monday; Warrior's degree, 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
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Episcopal.—Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saints Memorial Chapel—East Smethport, Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

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THE RISE OF MARY.

Story of a Perilous Flight in an Aeroplane.

By KARL K. SHIMANSKY.

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"Well, Mary, things look pretty bad," said William Jennings to his wife. "I drew the last $50 out of the bank a week ago, and there aren't any prospects of getting more unless I get the government interested in my machine. I wrote them day before yesterday."

Jennings and his wife walked out to the aeroplane shed and rolled out the machine, which was made of bamboo and canvas. Springing in, Jennings thrust a lever forward, and the engine puffed and purred for an instant, and then the plane rose slowly and evenly.

"Be careful, Will," cried his wife, "and come back soon."

"I'm always careful," he rejoined laughing, "but I'll have to be unusually so today because of the wind."

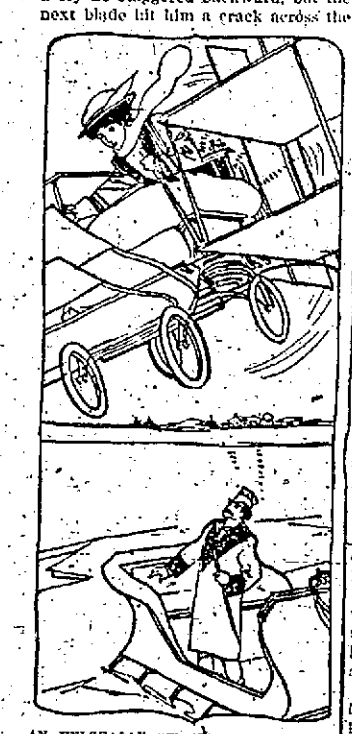
Soaring up easily several hundred feet he then dropped slowly to the ground.

"Do you want to take a ride, Mary?" he called to his wife. "I'll let you run it. You know how."

"I'd rather not," she replied. "You know how it is—I feel brave enough until I get in the seat, and then I almost faint."

"Well, I'll put it in, then," she said, springing out. "These propellers need oiling. One of them squeaks badly while I was up."

He walked back to the two great wheels with a big oil can in his hands. As he stooped he heard a slight puff and sprang aside. But he was not quick enough. The powerful engine in cooling off had turned over, and the light but strong blade struck him a stinging blow on the shoulder. With a cry he staggered backward, but the next blade hit him a crack across the



AN UNUSUALLY STRONG GUST OF WIND HIT IT.

ribs, and he fell back in a heap. Mary heard the engine exhaust and then the cry. She turned quickly and saw William lying on the ground in a heap. Although he appeared to be badly hurt, she was able, with his help, to drag him to the house. She phoned for the doctor and in the meantime gave him first aid.

The kindly old doctor come clattering up the road behind a big gray horse which was panting hard from its run.

"Mr. Jennings will be all right in a couple of weeks," said the old gentleman.

When the postman came he left a long, blue, official-looking letter stamped "War Department, Washington."

Mary ran upstairs and cried. "Oh, Will, here's a letter from Washington!" She tore it open and read that a government expert would be there the next day to see the machine make a flight.

The next morning there was a knock at the door, and a stranger inquired, "Is Mr. Jennings at home?"

"Yes," replied Mary, "but he is badly injured."

"Oh, that is too bad!" exclaimed the man in a disappointed voice. "My name is Hart. I am a government agent and came here to examine his aeroplane. We have heard some good reports about his machine, and I would like to see it in flight. You are Mrs. Jennings, I suppose?"

"Yes," Mary answered. "The doctor says that Mr. Jennings will not be able to get out of bed for at least a week. He was examining the propeller, when the engine turned over, and the wheel hit him and broke several ribs. Would you like to see my husband?"

Mary led him into William's room and introduced him.

"I'm very sorry you can't fly," said Mr. Hart. "I'd like to see you go."

"The doctor says that he can fix me up in a week," said Will. "Can't you remain that long?"

"Why, yes," said Hart. "I am allowed just a week for the inspection."

"That is good!" exclaimed Will, much relieved.

"May I look it over now?" said Hart.

"Certainly," said William. "My wife will show it to you."

Mary and Hart walked shed. On the way Mary "That's just our luck gets injured at the very t be ought to be in perfect I am very glad that you Hart examined the engi ingly.

"It's like a good many seen," he said, "in all b cept one, and that is t the amateur and it s seen on a machine of

"Yes," replied Mar invented it himself. It it a good many mem weighs only forty-five p been tested up to a hun horsepower."

"What," cried Hart—"a hu ter horsepower! I'll certainly stay to see it work."

That afternoon a boy came ride up to the house with a telegram for Mr. Hart. He read it and frowned.

Mr. Jennings," he said, "I'm very sorry, but I am ordered to Washington at once. Here! You may read the message."

Will took it and read in a dazed sort of a way: "Return to W. at once. War Department."

"What! Can't you wait at all?" cried William in dismay.

"At once means within twelve hours; immediately, twenty-four," said Hart firmly.

"May I use the telephone?" asked Hart.

He called up the railroad station to find out when a train left, but he learned that no trains were running from the island to the mainland. Hart was told that he would have to drive across the ice in a sleigh.

"Oh, don't do that!" cried William. "There is a strong south wind, and the ice is melting, and a breakup usually follows."

But no argument could dissuade the agent. He had his orders, and he was going to obey. He had difficulty in finding a horse and sleigh, for none wanted to risk his property on the ice on a day like this. At last he found a man who would rent him a rig for five times the price that was usually charged. Hart drove past the Jennings' cottage and waved them goodby and then drove out on the ice.

"I wish he wouldn't go," cried Mary. William's teeth were set, for he realized that their hopes of riches and fame were fast disappearing. By this time Hart was halfway across the ice.

"Boom!" sounded out over the bay.

"Heavens!" cried Mary. "The ice is cracking. Look; his horse is running!"

"Boom! Boom!" A great crack could be seen close to shore.

"Look," shouted William; "the horse is down!" And, picking up fieldglasses, he cried, "Hart has cut him loose and is running for it!"

"Boom!" The ice was cracked all around him.

Mary suddenly shut her teeth and said in a strange voice, "Wait a minute!" and then left the room.

She had been gone several minutes when William saw a strange shadow fall on the ground beneath his window, and he heard a peculiar buzzing. He looked up and fairly gasped. There was a great aeroplane sailing out toward the lake at terrific speed. A person all bundled up in furs was driving it. He dragged himself out of bed and staggered to the window.

"Mary," he cried—"Mary!" and then looked at the aeroplane shed. Then he knew where Mary was. The doors of the shed were open, and it was empty. He turned his glasses on the machine and recognized Mary. The plane turned and hovered a moment in the face of a strong wind and then went sailing out toward Hart. He had seen the machine as it rose and was standing in the sleigh waving his arms. The ice was cracking all about him, and the horse had disappeared in a large crack. As Mary sat in the plane her only thought was to save Hart before the ice broke beneath him. She was almost over him. Now came the supreme test—to turn and descend in such a strong wind.

Leaning out of his window, William stayed at her through the glasses. Hart stood on the sleigh with mouth open and paying no attention to the ice, but he kept his eyes fixed on the plane. Suddenly it slowed up and sank, then turned and came down. But an unusually strong gust of wind hit it and drove it back. But Mary let the engine go full speed and came on again in the face of the wind. The machine settled slowly but surely and came to rest on the ice just beside the sleigh. Hart sprang down to the ice and ran over and climbed in.

"Beautiful!" he murmured. "Beautiful!"

Mary guided the machine to the main shore and landed. Hart helped her out and exclaimed:

"I want to thank you, Mrs. Jennings. You saved my life. You managed the machine most skillfully, and it behaved beautifully. By the way, will you give this to your husband?"

And he wrote a note, which he gave her. Even before Mr. Hart had left Mary phoned to her husband to apprise him of her safety.

"Don't risk coming home in the machine," admonished Jennings.

"No, dear, I won't," was her response. "I'll wait until the trains run again."

Much to her delight, traffic was resumed that same day. Before she opened his door Mary read the note. With a cry of joy she rushed into William's room.

"Why, Mary, you dear thing!" he exclaimed.

"I'm something more," she said, laughing. "I'm a prosperous promoting aviator." And she handed him the letter, which announced Hart's approval of the Jennings aeroplane.

William Va[illegible] Enc[illegible]

"Yep; we had a spirited debate in our literary society [illegible] night."

"What was the question?"

"Resolved, That it is better to be a Caruso than a Shakespeare.' The negative won."

"What was the argument that downed the tenor?"

"The fact that Shakespeare can make himself heard without gurgling."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Hoo, Hoo!

Who's always handing out new dope?
Who said "No, thank you!" to the pope?
Who is the whole world's only hope?
We don't need to tell you.

Who of the White House had a lease?
Who used to boss New York's police?
Who's now for universal peace?
Why, you know, of course!

Who's always on the jump and go?
Who tells the wind which way to blow?
Who seeks no friend and fears no foe?
Now, what's the use of asking that?

Who loves to hit a stinging crack?
Who pretty soon is coming back?
And what will happen then? Alack,
The Lord only knows!

—Somerville Journal.

Memoranda.

Professor—It was by the inscription on this colossal obelisk that we succeeded in positively identifying the mummy of Rameses I.

Uncle Henry—I suppose all that Chinese rigmarole on there were his memoranda of the size of his socks, his watch number, whom to notify in case of death and such truck?—Puck.

The Way Now.

Oh, rubby-dub-dub!
Three men at the club.
And who do you suppose they be?
The butcher, the baker,
The candlestick maker,
And prices go up a degree.

Oh, grubby-grub-grub!
For each patient dub,
If he would have three meals a day.
The clerk and the scholar
Must spend every dollar.
Everything goes up but their pay.

—Judge.

His Specialty.

"Maggie married a street car conductor, but the match turned out unhappily."

"Why so?"

"He proposed she should pay her own way in their married life."

"Merely the force of habit. It was something of a fare proposal."—Baltimore American.

Not a Tender Tie.

At last the tie is broken,
Severed for aye!
Yet he turns from its parting
With never a sigh.
He feels, though she loved him,
She knew it must sever;
That she never e'en hoped
'Twould be lasting forever—
The tie that she gave him
In the Christmastide's glow,
Which he's worn ever since,
And that's five months ago.

—Browning's Magazine.

Boy's Question.

"Pop."

"Yes, my son."

"Will you please tell me something?"

"What is it, my boy?"

"Why when you scratch your face it leaves a mark and when you scratch your head it doesn't."—Yonkers Statesman.

Slow, but Sure.

"Fly with me!" her lover pleaded
As he pressed her to elope.
But his wishes went unheeded,
For she calmly answered, "Nope!
Not while aeros, as at present,
Are so apt to plunge and balk,
But," said she, "the weather's pleasant.
Don't you think we'd better walk?"

—Lippincott's.

A Mark of Esteem.

"We're going to have a splendid suffragette meeting this afternoon."

"That so?"

"Yes. We're to be addressed by Mrs. Wantavote. Just think! She's been arrested four times!" — Detroit Free Press.

A Terrible Infant.

I recollect a nurse called Ann,
Who carried me about the grass,
And one day a fine young man
Came up and kissed the pretty lass.
She did not make the least objection.
Thinks I: "Aha!
When I can talk I'll tell mamma!"
And that's my earliest recollection.

—Life.

Not In His Line.

"When you are grown up," queried the visitor, "will you be a doctor like your father?"

"Oh, dear me, no! Why, I couldn't even kill a rabbit," replied the boy, with great frankness.—Argonaut.

A Billville Jingle.

Automobiles and airships—
Where will we get to soon?
We'll rise to where the old man
Is growlin' in the moon,
And maybe tell the angels,
"You just can't raise a tune!"

—Atlanta Constitution.

Knew His Game.

He—A philosopher says, "The only thing worth while in life is trying to do something you can't and doing it."

She (sweetly)—Is that why you play bridge?—Life.

Favoritism.

Every state has its favorite son,
Though oft he's led out to slaughter,
But how does it happen there's never a one
That has a favorite daughter?

—Chicago Tribune.

'Twas False.

Lady (at the jeweler's)—Is this diamond genuine? Jeweler—As genuine as your own hair, madam. Lady—Ahem! Let me see something else.—Red Hen.

Newer Topic.

The daffodil is on the bill,
But I am faddish.
The theme is trite; I'd rather write
About the radish.

—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Echo.

She was a sight so fair to see
It thrilled my soul with ecstasy.
A wealth of mellow charms were hers
Enwraut in truly gorgeous furs.
Her step a thing of life, her form
Enough to rouse a jealous storm
Among the graces and an eye
That dimmed the luster of the sky.
I stopped and gazed,
Entranced, amazed.
"Ah! Whither away?" quoth I.

She paused a [illegible] on the gutter curb.
Ah, me, her pose was so superb
It made me think perhaps that she
Had stood for Winged Victory
In some remote time of the past
Amid some other cycle cast!
She paused, and, glancing stonily,
She gave an upper cut to me
That left me fozzed
And sadly dazed.
"A-ahl Wither away?" quoth she.

—Harper's Weekly.

Forgot the Judge.

Two lawyers before a probate judge recently got into a wrangle. At last one of the disputants, losing control over his emotions, exclaimed to his opponent:

"Sir, you are, I think, the biggest ass that I ever had the misfortune to get eyes upon."

"Order, order!" said the judge gravely. "You seem to forget that I am in the room."—Wasp.

Strange Things.

A toiler toils,
And a boiler boils
And boils the livelong day,
But no plumber plums
And no summer sums,
The dictionaries say.
A waiter waits,
And a skater skates,
So it seems a little queer
That no crater crates
And no traitor traits
As far as one can hear.

—Youth's Companion.

Quite the Reverse.

"Excuse my laughing," said Mrs. Bridey, "but I'll never forget my feelings when you asked me to marry you."

"Why?" asked her husband. "Was it such a hard thing to answer?"

"No, but you were such a soft thing to answer."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Soon Be Time.

Soon you'll see the country ranch
To roam around the mountains
Or go a-wadin' in the branch
Or listen to the fountains.

Soon will [illegible] breezes
The solstice [illegible] thrill,
The ocean with its [illegible]
The land [illegible] old.

—Atlanta Constitution.

No Idea of Real News.

"Sim[illegible] [illegible] census amount to?"

"What's the trouble, Uncle Peleg?"

"All that different correspondent wanted was a lot of figgers. Wouldn't pay no attention to the details of my rheumatism or my fust marriage."—Pittsburg Post.

Easy to Eliminate.

She doesn't care if people know
How old she is.
She doesn't bid inquirers go
About their biz.

We needn't ask her to confess
Her age, I weed,
The same is very safe to guess
At seventeen.

—Washington Herald.

A Safe Cure.

"I suppose your wife, like mine, will give you the usual cigars for your birthday?"

"No; I cured her of that last year."

"How?"

"Smoked them in the house."—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Mother Goose Again.

Sing a song of aeroplanes
Whizzing in the sky,
Four and twenty blackbirds
Killed on the fly.
When the chef had browned them
They were not fit to sing.
But they made a dainty dish
To set before the king.

—Chicago News.

Filial Skepticism.

Percy—Pa!

Father—Well, son?

Percy—This book says honesty is the best policy.

Father—It is, my boy.

Percy—How do you know, pa?—Brooklyn Life.

To Date.

Said the dog, "When that trip to the cupboard
Was taken by old Mother Hupboard
Her search was a stall—
She had eaten it all
Herself, and I know, for I rupboard!"

—Puck.

Her Dear Friends.

Gladys—Poor Mayme is learning to be a decorator.

Maybelle—Well, she needs a lot of practice, I can tell you. Look what a frowzy job she does in decorating herself.—Chicago Tribune.

Before and After.

He flew upon the wings of love
To buy his girl a diamond ring,
But after they were married he
Flew back to see how much 'twould bring.

—Boston Herald.

Between the Lines.

Miss Pasleigh—I have had my picture taken once every years since I was ten.

Miss Youngthing—Oh, do let me see one of the old daguerreotypes. They're so quaint.—Roseleaf.

Lays—For His Feed.

He sings not for a wreath of bay,
For fame he carols not his lay.
Although he tries his best to please,
He sings to get his bread and cheese.

—Detroit News.

He Never Smiled Again.

"Why is little Johnny pining away?"

"He saw a lady passing and yelled 'There's a mouse!' and it was a suffragette in bloomers. She didn't jump."—Cleveland Leader.

Lydia's Legacy

A Parrot That First Brought Trouble, Then a Husband

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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Lydia Thorne read the letter three times before she fully understood its meaning. Couched in the heavy phraseology of a country lawyer, it announced that the widow of her uncle, Sidney Ransom, had died a short time ago, leaving to Lydia a legacy. The lawyer went on to state that, although Mrs. Ransom had never seen the niece of her husband, she had been greatly impressed by reports of her kind and amiable disposition, and so to her loving care she left—her pet bird, a parrot.

To Lydia, who detested parrots as noisy, ungraceful creatures, this legacy fell as a calamity in her quiet, well ordered existence. She scarcely read the badly written postscript, which stated that the remainder of Mrs. Ransom's estate had gone to a favorite nephew of her own.

The parrot arrived in a crate.

There was a tall perching stand for Polly in the crate with the cage, and the parrot was soon at home on the perch, a chain secured around one leg and fastened to the stand.

Lydia found her new companion the source of much amusement for several days. He learned to call her by name, and at times it almost seemed as if she had a human companion in her lonely life.

Her house was situated at the end of the long village street, and few came to her save when there was dressmaking to be done, but Stillwater was near a large city and most of the women bought their clothes in the ready made shops, so Lydia did not have much to do.

It was the spring of the year, and Lydia worked much in her garden. Many times Polly sat near on his perch, shrilly defiant of the wild birds that hovered curiously about him.

Lydia was digging among her pansy plants one morning, transplanting the little green shoots from one bed to another.

"You're growing old, old, old!" shrieked Polly, with sudden vindictiveness and a dreary foreboding in his tone that startled his new mistress.

She turned wistful brown eyes in his direction. Lydia Thorne was no longer young, but she still retained a certain sweet youthfulness of expression, and her brown hair showed not one thread of gray. Perhaps it was because her heart would never grow old, for at thirty-eight Lydia was younger than many women at eighteen. She never thought of her age, but now, when Polly repeated himself in a sudden fury of words, she felt that they must be true.

"You're growing old, old, old as the everlasting hills. Never mind, Lyddy shall marry Stephen, and then everything will be all right. Oh, gee!" Polly made a savage peck at a saucy blue jay who had ventured close to his perch and sent the bandit bird screaming to the top of a tall elm tree.

Polly scratched his ear reflectively. "Poor old Stephen!"

Lydia was interested. "Who is Stephen?" she asked.

"Stephen's a fool. He must marry Lyddy. Then everything will be all right," cackled the bird.

"What nonsense!" cried Lydia indignantly. "What does the bird mean?" She wondered often after that, for Polly seemed to find great comfort in speaking of the unknown Stephen, and, through Polly, Lydia learned that Stephen was a good boy and a credit to his family and if he would only go and see Lyddy he would at once fall in love and marry her.

Then one day came a letter from a cousin in another village inviting Lydia to come and spend a week with her, and, having heard of Polly's arrival, she extended permission for Lydia to bring her legacy.

This Lydia was loath to do, for the parrot's cage was heavy and most unwieldy, and she did not really care enough for the bird to carry it about the country. Nevertheless none of her neighbors seemed willing to undertake its care, so one bright morning found Lydia and Polly speeding cityward in the railroad train.

The parrot proved a diverting companion, and it seemed as if they had scarcely started before the train drew into the noisy station where she had to change cars.

Lydia was walking through the long building, carrying the heavy cage in her already tired arms, when Polly set up a violent outcry.

"Stephen! Stephen! Oh, Stephen, wait for Lyddy!" he shrieked frantically.

A man crossing diagonally in front of them paused and looked curiously at the parrot.

"That's a good boy, Stephen. Marry Lyddy and everything will be all right. Such a handsome Polly!" The bird was fluttering to and fro, and Lydia found difficulty in holding the cage upright.

The stranger approached and lifted his hat. "I am sure Polly is an old friend of mine," he said courteously. "He recognizes me, and"—.

Tired Lydia flashed indignant eyes upon him. "Sir!" she said coldly.

The man turned away with reddening cheeks. He had a nice face, Lydia admitted to herself, but she had been brought up to beware of fascinating strangers, and this individual was the nearest approach to a fascinating stranger Lydia had ever chanced to meet. Polly added tumult to confusion.

"Stephen! Stephen! Be a good boy—marry Lyddy and everything will be all right!" he screamed.

Lydia was almost hysterical as the stranger paused again and thrust a finger between the wires of the cage. Polly clung to the finger, crooning softly. With a sudden movement Lydia thrust the cage in the man's arms.

"Take him if you want him! I'm sure I don't!" And then, unheeding his sharp exclamation of surprise, she darted away in the hurrying crowd. She was quite breathless when she reached the home of the cousin that afternoon and found it difficult to explain the absence of Polly.

"I left him behind," she said evasively, and with this explanation Mrs. Brent had to be content.

During the next few days Lydia wondered what had become of her parrot. She was ashamed of her impatience toward the stranger and thought somewhat ruefully that Aunt Susan Ransom would have considered her a shrew rather than a kind and amiable person had the good lady seen her ill temper on the day of her journey.

The second evening after her arrival as they sat at tea Mrs. Brent broke the silence that had fallen between them:

"Queer, wasn't it, that Susan Ransom should have left everything to Stephen when he don't need the money and just left you that parrot to take care of? Never saw Susan in your life, did you?"

"No," said Lydia, "but I used to write to Uncle Ransom, and then after he died I kept up a correspondence with Aunt Susan. I quite liked her too. She used to write about the parrot, but I never dreamed she would leave it to me. I never liked parrots much."

"I guess you could have used some money," remarked Mrs. Brent, stirring her tea thoughtfully. "Stephen don't need any more'n he's got."

"Is Stephen the nephew?" faltered Lydia, with very pink cheeks. She was thinking of Polly's allusions to "Stephen."

"Of course—Stephen Wood. Queer you never knew his name. Susan thought a sight of him and nagged him day and night because he never got married. He's doing real well in the city—he's in the coal business and is making money hand over fist."

"Have you ever seen him?" asked Lydia in a queer voice.

"Land, yes! Good looking too. Tall and lean, with clean shaved face and bright blue eyes—colors up like a girl when he's embarrassed. He always seemed to think a lot of that parrot. I visited there once, you know. I should think he'd have wanted it. I'm disappointed you didn't bring it, Lydia. They say it's a very clever bird. I shall be in Stillwater before long, and I'll see him then."

Lydia was doubtful whether Mrs. Brent would ever see the parrot again, although Mr. Wood might return the bird to her if he knew where she might be found, for now she knew it was Stephen Wood who had stopped and spoken to her that day in the railway station.

After all, the visit did not turn out to be as enjoyable as Lydia had anticipated.

The little house seemed very lonely when Lydia returned to Stillwater.

May had come, and with it the smell of apple blossoms and young clover. Lydia leaned over the gate and watched the golden cloud of dust that preceded the rumbling stage. The evening train was in, and presently, after the stage had carried the mail to the postoffice, she would throw a shawl about her shoulders and go down after her newspaper and letters.

The stage rolled past. The driver waved his whip at her, and her gaze followed the vehicle down the long street into the village. She did not hear footsteps approaching from the opposite direction, and as she turned her head Polly's familiar voice broke harshly on the still air:

"Here we are, sir! Well, well! Be a good boy, Stephen, and marry Lyddy"— Polly's voice died away in an indignant squawk as a strong hand reached in the cage and chastised him.

It was Stephen Wood bringing Polly home.

"Mrs. Brent told me you had returned home, and so I have brought the bird back to you, Miss Thorne. I am sure you must have thought me impertinent that day in the station. Of course you did not know me, but I recognized Polly's voice and should have made myself known to you at once."

"I was very rude to you," said Lydia gratefully as she opened the gate to admit him, "but I was very tired, and I was a little tired of Polly just then, and it all happened so suddenly. You understand?"

"Of course I understand. Polly is tiresome most of the time, but he has many good qualities. If he had not recognized me that day I would not have the pleasure of returning him to you," said Mr. Wood.

They sat down on the steps, and the man looked admiringly at Lydia, pink and glowing and sweet as one of the apple blooms overhead.

"Be a good boy, Stephen, and marry Lyddy, and everything will be all right," shrilled Polly suddenly, and there was such a note of prophecy in his raucous voice that Lydia's brown eyes fell before Stephen's steady blue ones, and this time Polly went unrebuked.

MEMORIAL SERMON.

(Continued from Page 5.)

to Innocent III and received it back again from him as his vassal. At this the English people were enraged and felt that John could no longer be relied upon as the *defender of the rights of England*—John did this that he might have on his side the power which had recently been against him and through which he thought he should be able to defeat the barons in their *demands for their rights*. Previous to this Henry I had given a charter of rights of some liberality and it had been renewed by Stephen and confirmed by Henry II but it had never been effective. One day at a council this old charter was brought to light and again later at St. Paul's Langton produced it and it *was welcomed as* a basis for the needed reforms. After John had lost his French inheritance the barons met secretly at Saint Edmundsbury, and swore to demand, by force if necessary, from the king the restoration of *their liberties* under the king's seal.

Early in January, the barons presented themselves before John. He wished for time and meanwhile he found the he could expect no help from the people. All were on the side of the barons. At Easter the barons came again. John in a burst of passion demanded why they did not ask for his kingdom. At his refusal London threw open her *gates to the barons as did* Exeter and Lincoln and help was promised from Wales and Scotland. John appealed to Innocent III but it took time for messengers to go and come and the help had *not arrived*. At *last he gave* way to necessity and called the barons to a council at Runnymede down the valley of the Thames and not far from the spot where Gary wrote his immortal "Elegy." On the *one side is John with twenty* thousand men and on the other ten thousand barons and fifty thousand yeomen. Langton throws down a piece of parchment for John the "weaponed-men" who alone bore the sword and spear and had the right of self redress which at such times served as the check on lawlessness. Below the ceorls were the serfs who for some reason had lost their property rights. They tilled land that belonged to some freeman and they could not leave the land in time of war they must serve him. So long as this was done the master must protect them and the land they used was practically their own. Personally the serf was free but he had no political rights or share in the land.

There was too a slave class, but the number was not large. This class was recruited in various ways, captives taken in war became slaves. Some were men who had broken the law and not being able to pay the fines and perhaps having no friend or relative who would do it they became slaves to the plaintiff or to the king. Sometimes famine or debt drove *men to "bend their heads in the evil day* for rent," and they threw down the free-mason's sword and spear, placed their head between the hands of some master and took up the laborer's tools as a slave. The *slave was almost always* well treated but he had no part in the public life, no place in court, no kinsman to pay his fine if he did wrong, or he could be willed away or sold as the horse or the ox.

At first these little tuns or towns were just aggregations of the same family. Kinsman lived by kinsman and fought side by side with kinsman. The feelings of discipline and honor which influenced them grew out of the interest that they had in one another as kinsmen. With them the possession of land was always the mark of freedom. All the rights of the community were vested in the freemen or freeholders. The land however was not held in absolute ownership but was alloted in shares that *increased or diminished according* to the number of share holders that there were. The non-tillable land was known as common land and while the freemen might fence this in for pasture and for meadow *lands during the summer*, when the harvest was over he must take down the fences again and the land once more was common to all who cared to use it. The land belonged to the people and no one was allowed to *gather up for his* absolute personal use lands that were supposed to belong to the community. The natural resources of these primitive people belonged to the people and political privileges were not regarded as private rights.

Among these people we find also the germs of our modern political institutions. Each of these little towns had a Town-Moot or assembly that met at the foot of some hill or about some sacred or moot-tree. Here the freemen and the earls met from time to time to make laws, deal out justice, and admit into the township new settlers who had come across the sea, just as to-day our judges admit foreigners to citizen-ship. Here the earl or headman was chosen and the *tithesman was appointed* and disputes between freeman and freeman settled. Above this simple meeting of townfolk there was a Hundred-Moot made up of representatives of these several villages. These representatives came together led by the shire reve or shire leader who has given us our sheriff. This was the court of appeals for the lower moot. It settled differences between the towns. It passed on the heavier crimes and cases of life and death. It made laws for the hundreds as the towns did for themselves. Above the hundred-moot was the Folk-Moot which was the assembly of all the freemen. This was the highest court of appeal and it was also the war-host as it included all the Freemen. In addition to these there was the Witenagemote which was a sort of council of the wise men for the assistance of the leader of the war-host.

In these moots the principle of representation was preserved and there was both deliberation and decision. Green has given a picture of these moots. "In each the priests proclaimed silence, the earlderman of higher blood spoke, groups of freeman from each township stood around, shaking their spears to assent, clashing their shields in applause, settling matters in the end by loud shouts of "Aye" or "Nay."

Their earliest form of justice like that of all early peoples was personal redress. This was later modified by the so-called "blood-wite." This was a compensation for injury to any part of the body, every part having its recognized worth stated. The earliest code had read "life for a life and limb for a limb."—The blood-wite was a fine for the injury and we are told just what value these men placed on eye and hand and foot. But they added another element that was important. Every man belonged to a family and the family was held responsible for the man's action or wrong doing. The family was bound to protect him from injury, to keep him from doing wrong and in case he did an injury to another the family had to see that the fine was paid. The sense of justice was carried so far that it was the vote of the man's family that finally decided whether or not the man was guilty of the crime charged. A society that could not exist under such conditions must have had a stronger sense of honor than many a man has in our modern civilizations. It throws light on the Anglo-Saxon's love of liberty and personal rights.

I have said *nothing of the religion* of these rude tribes from which we are sprung. In name Christianity had swept over the Roman Empire but when these savages came into Britain they knew nothing of it. Woden or Odin was their god. The freeman was the head of the family and offered the family sacrifices to the gods that presided over the destinies of his household. They did not give much time *to thoughts about* the future but there was a sort of noble philosophy in their belief that every man should be brave and honorable and that he should obey the laws which he and his fellows had decided were *just and good*. There is an old epic which belongs to these peoples and which the Danes, seated about their lords, listened to as they drank their ale and the bards sang. This was long before they *came into Britain* whither the bards brought it in their songs. Long after they came to Britain, perhaps in the seventh century some unknown poet wrote this old epic down as the Song of Beowulf. He was knight errant and the typical viking who followed upon the sea, his naked sword-hard in his *hand, amidst* the fierce waves and coldest of storms, and the rage of winter hurtled over the waves of the deep." Beowulf as a hero is grand though poetry is rude and exaggerated. *For fifty years he rules his people* and when a dragon comes to burn and destroy his people he goes alone into the strange land to give himself for the delivery of his people. He slew the dragon and received his death-wound. *When he sees* death is near he says: "I have ruled this folk for fifty winters. Time's cabges and chance I have abided, held my own fairly, sought not to snare men. Oath never-aware I falsely *against the right*. So for all this I may be glad at heart now, sick though I sit her, wounded with death-wounds."

It is true that these men were savage fighters, rude and coarse and that the ale *feast was their* social center. But they were far more than this and they were as proud of their skill with the mattock or in chasing the whale and the walrus as they were of skill with the sword or spear. There were here elements of better things, things that have come to the flower in our modern civilization. I should be glad if I had the time to take you into the midst of this old life of your ancestors and mine as it is brought before us in their sages and especially in the story of Siegfried, the princely Arthur of the northern peoples. We have this story in the Nibelungen Lied, an old German epic that Carlyle classes with the Iliad and Odyssey and the great Indian epics, the Ramayana and the Mahabharata. This epic tells us of these ancestors of ours and of the days when the scalds sang gleefully and:

to sign and the king's face turns white like marble. He finally signed the paper though he had *no intention* of living up to it. To carry out the treaty the barons appointed four and twenty barons to see that the king obeyed. They were to make war on him if he did not. So enraged was John at this that he threw himself on the floor and gnawed at sticks and straws as he thought of these overlords as he called them. After a few days John left Windsor, for the castle stood on the hill above Runnymede, and for a few months he hovered along the southern coast waiting for help from Innocent. When Innocent learned what had been done it was too late for him to prevent the action but he absolved John from all part in signing the Magna Carta, he excommunicated the English barons and suspended Langton, the archbishop of Canterbury. This was a fatal mistake and it illustrates again how authority often overreaches itself to its own injury. The Magna Charta was signed on the 15th of June, 1215. This was the first real treaty between a king and his people and it was the basis of the Liberties of all English speaking peoples. Guizot says: "That it was as though some new planet had suddenly risen on the world's horizon, and a new world swung into sight."

We pass on now for four hundred summers and winters. Chaucer has sung and the immortal bard of Avon, Henry VIII, has gone and so also has the virgin queen, Elizabeth. Raleigh and Sidney and Spencer have been. It is the year 1625. When Elizabeth died in 1603 James VI of Scotland, the son of Mary Queen of Scots, came to the throne as James I. The Tudors had been despotic rulers but they ruled with vigor and tact. But the English people had been undergoing a change, they were more intelligent and they desired more of liberty. James came to the throne with the most exaggerated ideas of the rights of kings and the least conception of the rights of the people. He believed in the divine rights of kings and did not appreciate the fact that the spirit of the nation was tending more strongly in the direction of liberty. He did the most outrageous things against the rights of the people and then one day the Parliament declared that, "The liberties of Parliament were the undoubted birth right of the subjects of England, that all matters of debate were fit subjects for discussion; that every member had a right to freedom of speech; and that no member could be lawfully imprisoned or molested for his conduct in Parliament, except by order of the House itself." When James died in 1625, his son, Charles I came to the throne. He was more fully crazed with the idea of the divine right of kings than was his father. When he could not get money to carry on the wars that he was interested in, he dissolved the Parliament. He called another Parliament and dissolved that too. Money for war was raised by a forced loan and those who did not contribute were imprisoned without trial. Among the number was the country squire John Hampden, who would not thus break the provisions of the Magna Charta. Five of the prisoners asked for trial on a writ of habeas corpus but this was denied and so another provision of the great Charter was broken. The third Parliament was called in 1628 with Sir John Eliot as chief orator and leader. With him were men like John Hampden, John Pym and Oliver Cromwell. Then one morning the king wakened to find 175,000 people in the streets between Whitehall and Westminster Abbey. The thousands without the Abbey have become a raging mob while within Hampden and Pym and Eliot and Vane and Coke and Cromwell and John Milton wait for the king to put his name to the paper which they have called the "Petition of Rights." Charles is compelled to sign the paper and agrees that he will not refuse to call Parliament together, that Parliament shall fix the taxes, that men shall not be imprisoned without a trial. This was in 1628. It was the year in which John Bunyan was born. Four centuries earlier Englishmen had secured the guaranty of their civil rights and now to these is added the right of self-government. It is one more triumph for the English love of liberty.

But there were other liberties as dear to the heart of the Englishman as these named above. And for some time there had been going on a movement in the direction of religious liberty. In 1608 a company of people who believed that every man should have the right to worship God as he saw fit had escaped from England and had gone to Holland. This did prove to be the place for them and after eleven years they made *arrangements to return* to England and for the Virginia Company to furnish them with transportation to America as they were too poor to provide their own transportation. In 1620 they arrived on our shores at *Plymouth Rock*. There were but few of them but there were men like Standish and Bradford and Brewster and Winslow and John Carver. In a few years they had founded Harvard College, within *fifty years they had* established here the town meeting, in 150 years they had written the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States.

If there was any one thing which characterized the spirit of the 13th, 14th and 16th centuries it was religious intolerance. In Spain, in North Italy, in Bohemia the faggot fires were burning. In England many of the most useful ministers are in exile. George Fox and John Bunyan are in prison along with fifty thousand others. The one day Oliver Cromwell sent this word to the men of England: "I have fought long for liberty, throug representative government. From this hour I call England to arms in favor of liberty of religion. I plead for toleration and *charity*." Since that tiem the right to worship God freely has been in a desperate struggle for world wide supremacy. And to the civil and political liberties of mankind has been added the liberty of worship.

In all this we see the flushing forth of the truth that:

"Though the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the mind of man is broadened by the process of the suns."

But what shall be the extent of these liberties? Shall they be for the Anglo-Saxon only? Shall they be only for England and America? Or shall they be for all the peoples of the earth? That all men should be free and equal in their privileges and opportunities is the spirit of the Anglo-Saxon race. The Hebrew did not have it. The Greek did not have it. The Romans at an early period were called the inestimable robbers of the world. The genius of Rome was for mastership and she seemed possessed of a divine purpose to rule the nations. She established the rights of men who were Roman citizens but the rest of mankind had no share in these privileges and rights. It is a mere truism of history that there is a fundamental difference between the spirit of the Latin race and that of the Anglo-Saxon race. The two *have been in* conflict ever since they were brought into relations with each other. When Napoleon trampled the fields of Europe with his armies he was but an expression of the old Roman spirit. For a last time it was embodied in a man who was as great as the Caesars and almost as far from appreciating the fact that all men have equal rights.

When Victor Hugo discusses the battle of *Waterloo he says*: "Was it possible that Napoleon should have won that battle. We answer No. Why? Because of Wellington? Because of Blucher? No. Because of God. Bonaparte victor at Waterloo; that does not come within the law of the nineteenth century * * * Napoleon had been denounced in the bulletin, and his fall had been decided on. He embarrassed God. Waterloo is not a battle; it is a change of front on the part of the Universe." The Alexanders and the Caesars and the Napoleons led their armies forth that they might claim honors and power for themselves, but when the Cromwells and the Garibaldis and the Washingtons and the Lincolns and the Grants go forth it is in the *cause of humanity*. If the Hebrew enshrined truth in form and symbol; if the Greek developed the spirit of science and art, if the Roman developed the science of organization and government, *then it has been given* to the Anglo-Saxon to develop the reforms of liberty and the of man.

Almost at the time that the Pilgrim Fathers sailed for our shores there came to *us a small Dutch* vessel bearing in her hold twenty black men whom they sold here as slaves. They had been stolen from their native home and brought here in defiance of all the rights of man. Slavery was an insult to the highest ideals of the Anglo-Saxon. It was an alien thing. It violated the instincts of men whose liberties had sprung from the Magna Charta and the Petition of Rights. It was an insult to God.

In the course of the swift years this question had to be answered. Should America be true and free? Should the rights that our forefathers had fought for be the rights of all men? Was you members of the Grand Army, your many brothers and *your comrade-dead* that settled for all the coming years that every man is the brother of every other man. You said to the world that the messages of Magna Charta, of the Petition of Rights, *the messages of* Hampden and Pym and Eliot and Cromwell and John Milton and of the Pilgrim Fathers should be the heritage of humanity. It was your patriotism and that of your comrades and of your country that the millions of earth are coming to our shores for liberty.

Of these oppressed races Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis says: "They are interested in our democratic government and free institutions, in our intellectual democracy through the public schools; and in ecclesiastical democracy in that every man shall give an account of himself to God; and in industrial democracy, in that every man shall have an equal chance to earn a living, a chance at the great mines and forests and resources of this land; *and in political* liberty for the yellow and the black and the white." These liberties were handed down to us from our fathers and you men whom we honor to-day took them up while the "*signature of God was yet fresh on them*" and sent them on to the larger world declaring to all that "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" are the rights of men and that all men shall have the chance to *enjoy them*.

For more than five centuries the Bastile stood as the symbol of tyranny. Its walls were forty feet thick at the base and fifteen feet thick at the top. Out it was a moat one hunded and twenty-five feet in width. The genial air of sunny France never entered those awful dungeons "slimy with the mould of ages." Within these walls the most shameful injustice was done and the most horrible crimes were committed. But during the revolution the people took this old prison and utterly *destroyed it. And* when at last the old fortress was forever gone the site of the loathsome dungeon was thrown open to the light and breath of heaven. Then on the spot they erected a "stately column crowned by a gilded dove of Liberty, holding in one hand a torch and in the other a broken chain."

So to-day in the world's Place de la Concorde, where through the centuries *oppression and wrong* have held their sway, there stands a mighty monument whose bases were laid long ago by our ancestors, whose stately column was lifted by the hands of England's barons and yeomanry, and whose gilded figure bearing a lighted torch and a broken chain, the symbols of a finished and consummate liberty, it has been the Providence of God to, give through you and your comrades to our beloved land—America.

Ringling Brothers Circus at Olean, N. Y., June 10th, 1910.

Account Ringling Brothers World's Greatest Shows at Olean, June 10th, P., S. & N. R. R. will run excursion on regular train leaving Smethport 8:25 a. m., round trip fare $1.00. Special return train leaves Olean 6:00 p. m.

I have just received a car load of salt, all grades, common fine and diamond F rock salt, and also all grades of dairy and table salt which I offer at the lowest market price.

G. W. KING,
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Boys Wanted.

Boys wanted at the Berney-Bond Glass Bottle Factory. Call at the office at once.

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Chauffeur, Gasoline Car, careful driver, can repair.

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Give me an order for Pine Apples for canning. I can save you money.

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Just received a carload of Fertilizer. Enquire of

O. D. NOURSE,
East Smethport.

Call at Holder's bargain store and see how much you can get for your money.

Tomato plants for sale. J. L. OVIATT, Farmers Valley.

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Mrs. Daniel S. Lamont was re-elected president of the Army Relief society at the recent annual meeting which was held in New York.

Lydia B. Conley of Kansas City is the only Indian woman lawyer in the world. She is a Wyandotte and has won distinction in the legal profession.

Lady St. Helier has been elected to the London county council, and the British papers are gravely speculating whether she is to be designated an alderman or alderwoman.

Florence Nightingale, the famous English war nurse and the only woman who ever received the Order of Merit, is ninety years old. She is an invalid and has been confined to her house for years.

Miss Ellen Emerson, granddaughter of Ralph Waldo Emerson, is a trained nurse in the Massachusetts General hospital in Boston. She also gives health talks before women's clubs and similar groups of women.

Miss Alice Henry, president of the West Side Equal Suffrage association of Chicago, is a native of Melbourne, Australia. For thirteen years she was attached to the staff of the Australasian. She spent six months in Great Britain investigating social conditions before coming to this country a few years ago.

Fly Catches.

Fred Mitchell, who is catching for the New York Americans, pitched for the Boston Americans in 1903.

The work of Pitcher Bob Ewing shows that the Quakers made no mistake when they grabbed the former Cincinnati Red.

The Indianapolis club claims to have another Bush in Shortstop Dave Milligan. Milligan played with the Hannibal (Mo.) team last season.

Billy Keeler's big league career takes in teams in this order: New York Nationals, Brooklyn, Baltimore, Brooklyn again, New York Americans, then the New York Nationals again.

Since Pitcher Krause has been a member of the Philadelphia Americans he has shut Boston out six times, and the only game he has lost to the Boston team was by a 1 to 0 score in Boston last fall.

Recent Inventions.

The handle of a new electric torch is magnetized so that it will adhere to metal surfaces, leaving its user's hands free for work.

A cover for stationary washtubs that rolls up has been patented by a Massachusetts man to prevent accidents due to solid tops falling upon persons heads.

As flax pulled from the ground yields a longer fiber than that reaped in the usual way, a Canadian clergyman has invented a pulling attachment for binders.

Propelled in the same way as a skyrocket, but by power that burns more slowly, an aerial torpedo to carry life lines to wrecked vessels has been perfected by a Swedish army officer.

The Sure Crop.

Still at mankind the cynic rails
And vows with grim regretfulness
The peach crop nearly always fails;
The lemon crop is a success.
—Washington Star.

Wanted to Know.

Manager—Why couldn't you sing with the tenor?

Soprano—Because he puts me out.

Manager—Out of tune or out of the theater?—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

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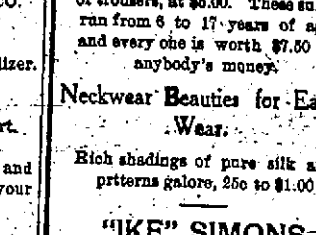

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Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, a member of the Bar of McKean County, and now studying and practicing Law in the office of the Hon. R. B. Stone, Esq., will make application to the State Board of Law Examiners, at its next meeting, for admission to practice as an attorney in the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

JOSEPH H. GOLDSTEIN.

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